Two Brothers Poetry Fest

How brothers

became close

through poetry

By **Arthur and George Fruhling**

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Poet's Introduction to Their Poetry

Arthur's opening statements:

Some brothers connect with sports, some with other commonalities. Somewhat surprising, at least to me, Brother George and I connected through sharing poetry via e-mails. Yes, it is Brother George that is to blame, he being the more serious at the "sport". I will admit to being accommodating and thus responding with some semblance of rhyme. Unexpectedly, this back-and-forth rhyming became somewhat of a very enjoyable exchange. These many exchanges over several years acted to bring us into a deeper brotherhood, much to our surprise.

Let me say that we were not close as kids, often being at each other's throats. As adults, we stayed in touch but only out of courtesy and familial connection. We both had our "ups and downs" that certainly did not enhance a brotherly connection. Sound familiar? Are you skeptical? Is this deeper connection for real? Absolutely!

We hope this Poem Fest will serve as an example, not to connect through poetry, but certainly to find a common ground that would serve to cement a closer brotherly relationship, one that is meaningful and lasting. It was the writing and continual sharing that did the trick. By the way, Brother George lived in Colorado and I in California while the e-mail rhymes were flying through cyber-space. Often George's job took him to distance places such as Bangkok, Thailand, or Puerto Rico. The sharing at a longer physical distance actually worked to bring us closer together.

Are these rhymes earth shaking? That is for you to decide. We had a GREAT deal of fun in the process and we, as brothers, will never be the same. Some of these poems are just plain silly, some cute, some fun, and others fairly serious and challenging. Others express the trials of this life and reaction to them. For me, the writing helped me better walk through difficulties as well as merely being creative and sometimes silly which helped vent frustrations.

So I encourage you brothers (and certainly sisters), find a commonality, or some means of drawing each other into a meaningful lifetime relationship. Go for it!

George's opening statements:

I was a BRAT kid for sure, and sometimes I was really mean to my brother!!! I don't know how he tolerated me growing up. Arthur is 7 ½ years older than I, and as a kid I wanted to tag along and be with his "in" crowd as he was popular in school. I know now that I was always in the way, and by all rights Arthur should have kicked my butt, but somehow he managed to put up with me.

Since being introduced to poetry in grade school, it has always been one of my TOP loves. Writing a decent poem takes ***planning*** and ***thinking ahead***, skills that I have used over and over in other areas of my life with great success.

Having traveled a fair amount (6 countries and 37 states), at first Arthur and I occasionally communicated via e-mail. I don't remember exactly when or how it came to be, but we started writing poetry fairly regularly back and forth for approximately 9 years or so. We shared what we learned of poetic styles, and tried different ones ourselves which proved very interesting. In our poems we shared our daily lives and experiences. We made up words, twisted the meaning of words around, and often got really silly with our poems, and sometimes, yes, we were even serious. Hopefully, my poetry improved, but I know that my love and enjoyment for poetry increased one hundred fold because of this interaction with my brother Arthur. In addition, the very best thing came out of our sharing poetry back and forth for so many years being that we became CLOSE AS BROTHERS! Before our exchanging poetry took place, I never would have guessed that growing closer as brothers would be the outcome, but let me tell you, doing this together with my brother Arthur has truly been one of the most FUN things, most REWARDING things, and most MEANINGFUL things in my entire life!!!! It is such a GREAT FEELING to be close brothers now!!!!

I agree with my brother that all brothers and all sisters should find some commonality for which they can build a healthy close relationship. It IS truly rewarding, and in my brother's words "Go for it!!!"

Brotherly Love

By Thunder, I've Found Treasure!!!

Within my heart I've discovered a world of pleasure,
And nothing else in the world, up to this can measure.
Obviously, it can be none other,
Than the love for and of my brother.
By thunder, ***I've found the most priceless treasure!!!***

Love, Bro George

Hello My Brother

Hello my Brother so dear,
I was thinking of you today,
And to you wanted to say,
I'm sorry we are far, not near,
In our distance apart anyway.

We are close in other ways,
As brothers should always be,
Like you sharing poems with me,
For these make memory days,
Wouldn't you, dear Bro, agree?

Thank you for being my Bro,
For this I thank God every day
When my head I bow and pray,
And I just wanted you to know,
For you, I'm thankful in every way.

Love, Bro George

At Last, A Bro's Poem

Ah, the voice appears over hushed silence.
Wait, do I believe my ears? My eyes do they deceive?
Yes, eyes do sometimes hear, and even ears do see.
Crazy? No. Just delighted into a frenzy! Confused?
Perhaps! But happiness surrounds me! My wish fulfilled
To my sum delight! My brother exists, and not only that,
But resounds quite astoundingly in rhyming eloquence to my delight!
Ah, the moment that sooths my inner soul! The knowing!
The time when a new poem arrives from Dear Bro's soul!
Why try to rhyme?? What is just a rhyme when not a
Brotherly voice speaking out via e-mail mode? But now,
Yes even this moment, I sit silently in contentment and peace.
The distance expectation, so far from eye or ear, has come to
Reality's door, knocked and entered with a rhyming dance full-
Filling beyond hope's desire, feeding contentment and heart's appetite!
No. No rhyme verse need be said. ***Just a sincere thankyou,***
Dear Bro, for your rarified verses, and your kind love sent!

Love, Bro Art

An Old Nickel and I

Funny, I found an old 1949 Nickel today,
It happens to be the same year I was born,
Now around the edges we both look worn.
To me it seems funny I found it this way,
By coincidence, I found it on my birthday.

The Nickel's edges, now smooth to feel,
Makes me wonder what items it bought,
And to all the places it had been brought.
I wonder if this Nickel anyone did steal,
Or used it to purchase a needed meal?

We've both traveled some of our Earth,
Our character being our wear and tear,
Now it seems to me we are quite a pair.
Although it's been a long road since birth,
Somehow the Nickel and I still have worth.

George

Value vs. Time

A coin has worth we see on its face,
It's new, then used, then lost in the fray.
Even though in some ways we are like that coin,
We get more and more valuable over time.
A nickel is worth 5 cents on the dollar,
Its value does not change.
But unlike the nickel whose worth declines,
Your worth with each birthday increases over time.

Arthur

Dear Brother of Mine

Dear Brother, I'm glad you worry so,
About your Brother, me, you know.
To you of my work, I've told,
All the while I'm getting old,
For life, I guess this is Status Quo.

Dear Brother, I worry about you too,
I hope of this you already knew.
I pray we both develop the desire,
To be best of friends *before we expire,*
Now this from my heart I tell you true.

Love from Bro George

My Favorite Relative

It's a family fact, my uncle's sister's son is truly blest,
And another uncle's brother had the same first name.
Just for you, Brother Arthur, I created this family game,
So gather clues, and analyze with zest,
Then deduce who it is that I like best.

Now pay close attention: my favorite relative's uncle's first name,
And his same uncle's brother's second son's first name are the same.
For now, the above are all the clues you get,
If you are lucky my challenge might be met,
But only if you guess my favorite relative…good luck with your game!

If you get stumped and cannot figure it out,
All you have to do is give me a shout,
And I will send another clue,
Which is just right for you,
Then you can have a go with another bout.

Love, Bro George

I Solved Your Riddle

Golly gee, brother of me, your game is truly zany.
But how can I deduce this riddle, my brain aches with severe pain-y.
Who is this "uncle's sister's son", ye Gods, tell me I pray.
Yet another Uncle's brother had the same first name-y!
I'm quite distressed, but also impressed! Now tell me--
Who is the duo with the same first name? Tell me and you'll go free!

Now pay close attention. Hear, Hear, the cry. I've solved the riddle! True!
But would I relate the answer yet? Fiddle!! Not yet to you.
My favorite relative has the same name as a brother to my father!
He also is the second son of an uncle's mother's daughter!
So Sherlock, dear bro, solve the elaboration fore-stated.
Solve this riddle and you'll be a true detective top-rated!

Bro Art

We Play the Same Game

Apparently, some parts of us are one in the same,
For dear Arthur, we initiated the exact same game.
It must have been as obvious for me as it was for you,
As both of our answers were you for I, and I for you,
So does that make us both brilliant, or both lame?

Love, Bro George

The following poem was written towards the end of our sharing poems via e-mail. We had written many poems on multiple subjects, so I thought I would question Arthur as to where he thought we would be heading next in our mutual poetry endeavor!

Our Past, Present, and Future Poetic Adventures

Some of our poems are simple and some are complex,
But where could our poetic adventures be headed next?
We have sailed with pirates over the Caribbean Sea
Looking for rare buried treasure and Pirate's booty,
And where was it next that you and I did go?
Oh yes, we met the talented family of Van Gogh,
Along with the Flairtys and your friend Peter Pogo,
And whomever else, I can't remember, don't you know,
And den ders da German mit der poem sublime,
After which came mouse poems many at a time,
Then serious and fun, with many styles in-between,
And often we created the best poetry you've ever seen,
Four, five, six, and seven line stanzas, and limericks too,
Oh yes, and our roosters, I think we created a barnyard or zoo,
But the BEST part is that in our mutual poetic sharing,
We formed a brotherly love which displays a definite caring.
But Bro, where are poetic adventures going to lead us now,
On a mountain top, or cave, in outer space, or on a ship's bow,
Maybe avoiding terrible creatures hiking through jungle terrain,
In a winter cabin, or in a fancy hotel sipping expensive champagne?

(continued next page)

Wherever our wild poetic imaginations lead us my dear Bro,
I hope in your heart you feel this, and in your mind you know,
This is the most fun I've ever had and I hope it is for you too,
And I'm glad I get to share it with ***the BEST BROTHER EVER…YOU!!!***

Love, Your Bro, George

Bro George,

Reply to Our Past, Present, and Future Poetic Adventures

YES, YES, I agree!
These rhymes of intrigue between you and me.
Just SPEAK of what's underneath,
A BRO to BRO caring through joy or grief.
Yes, the verse is fun, both serious and not.
But underneath simmers a relational knot!
I am thankful and glad that we have developed our rhyme.
I'm more thankful and glad for our sharing so fine!
I love the banter, the fun and the clamor; the challenges of a poet's fare.
I so love and enjoy your excellent stanzas so rare.
Keep'um commin' so the saying goes.
Maybe greater works will arrive, only God knows!

Bro Art

Forget-Me-Not

I remember only good throughout our years,
Our fun and laughter, and never our tears.
Deep in my heart are you, my brother so true,
I pray you'll remember, and forget-me-not too.

For eternity, if time does last that long,
I'll always remember you,
For ever, you put in my heart a song,
Please, forget me not, too.

Love, your Bro, George

I'll Not Forget You!

The brain cannot forget but only block
Life's experiences in our brain we lock.
We choose to recall either the best or worst
Wrong choices cause pain and emotional thirst.
Right choices cause life and happiness to burst.
How can I not "Forget-you-not?" Dear Bro?
Yes, my recall bounces both "to-and-fro".
But I choose to linger not on "fro" but "to".
Please, never fear, I'll always remember you!
But there's more!
He forgives us when we repent and come to Him.
Simple words, "Will you forgive me?" takes me off the limb.
When we ask forgiveness He does not remember our "sin".
If He forgets our "bad" times and lets us "off the hook",
Do we have the right to at a friend "throw the book"?
The fact is, Dear Bro, God loves you and so do I!
This brother-love (agape) will never die.
Eternity will be and I'll see you there.
What a time we'll have, what memories we'll share.
But for the while being on this earth.
We'll share our poems and e-mail dearth.
We'll roust the villains and climb the hill.
We'll be a pirate or write poetic frill.
We'll endanger the dictionary with make-believe words,
We'll twist the line making rhymings absurd.
We'll challenge our "menses" in poetic verse.
We'll conquer the villain and better the worst.
But realize dear Bro that as we frolic in verse, it's not the game I value.
What stays in my heart and warms my thoughts,
is recalling my dear brother – YOU.

Bro Art

Mutual Poetic Encouragement and Duel

This section of our book is truly one of my favorites for several reasons because it reveals a lot of our inner selves (humor, seriousness, feelings, thought process, daily lives, etc.). Our bantering and communicating back and forth for so many years was not just one of the most fun things I have ever done with my brother, but truly one of the most rewarding!

New Words

New words unto you are soon deeming,
With various and strewn meaning.
Your now doubt-feeling,
Will transform into zealing,
That direction you'll be soon leaning.

While afternoon dreaming,
Or Clair de Lune theme-ing,
New words you'll be reeling,
And plagiarize stealing,
While watching Moon Beaming.

See balloons streaming,
And the Loons preening,
While wheeling and dealing,
Definitions appealing,
Giving words new meaning.

Bro Art

Alright Bro, here's a new word for you…

A New Word

A new word at your arrivance,
And if used, you will thrivance.
You must plan that its meaning,
Is where you should be leaning,
The word, of course, is contrivance!

Bro George

Dear George (reply to ***A New Word****)*

"Thrivance" is underlined red,
Indicating a misspelling dread.
Is "thrivance" a contrivance
That in your poem is leaning?
But alas! What is its meaning?
Please tell me. I'm steaming (to know).
Encourage my doubt feeling,
That "thrivance" would send Webster reeling!!
O I wish the word real, is it so??
Maypong, Dingydong, bailey bingle stew,
Thrivance, contrivance, enlightance, don't poo-poo.
What they mean to me, do they mean to you?
One-ance, two-ance and thriv-ance we count.
Does "thrivance" indicate a barley-corn lout?
O the word rings now twixt my ears!
A new word to use, I am in tears!
Good morning to you, how are you?
I'm so thrivanced, yes its true.
You don't read me you say?
O come now, let’s not get thrivanced today!
Maydong, Dingydong, bailey bingle stew,
I've got you chanting nonsense foo-foo.
I've got you saying the weirdest words!
I've thrivanced you into a contrivance obsurd!
TA-TA, I've got to go.
My thrivance hurts (O NO).
I send a thrivance of love,
To my bro so dear,
And "thrivance" to us, will always be near!

Bro Art

Alive and Well

This is to Arthur, my dear Brother,
Now some words of this and the other.
Do you think it odd and absurd
That our ability to twist words,
Comes from our Dad and our Mother?

Me thinks Webster is short-sighted,
And in that I am delighted,
For words I like to twist,
As long as you get the gist,
And I feel this is alrighted!!!

I strive myself to be weaning
Away from the standard meaning.
With unlimited possibilities,
There's better probabilities,
To discover words until now were unseening.

So have no fear,
My Brother Dear,
My mind's all right,
E'en tho my words 'asight,
Can you imagine our communication next year?

While eating your porridge,
Put this all to storage,
On your computer hard drive,
And remember I'm well and alive,
Love from your brother, George.

Pretensical Poems

Our e-mails have become immensical,
And our poems have become nonsensical.
To you it may seem absurd,
But the thought to me occurred,
That I hope no one finds them offensical!!!

George

When You Feel the Mood

When you feel the mood a poem to write,
May eloquent words from your pen flow
That would impress old Edgar Allen Poe,
Lord Byron, Keats, and there's Shelly too,
Oh, and Robert Frost, just to name a few,
So your poetic rhymes I hope you'll expedite.

George

An Expeditious Poetic Rhyme

You flatter my feathers,
Albeit ego-pride fuel.
Cranial stutterings uttering rhyming cruel.
O to wax poetic lines – distant metaphors encrypted!
Would Byron, Keats, or even Poe dare match such rhyme insipid?
Blither forth prattled verse – destiny cries done!
This expeditious verse, Dear Bro, no competition won!

Art

What do we call this?

Are we having a crafty word contest,
Or perhaps it be a poetical pun-test?
No matter dear Bro,
I want you to know,
I fancy to think this is a family fun-test.

Love from Bro George

Bro, here's something to keep you poetically healthy…

Poetry Pill for Health

So strong is my desire and literary will,
I'm sending a once-a-day poetry pill.
Without this will not do,
For either me and/or you,
And I'm afraid you might become ill.

George

Hillbillly Limerick

Well dang, 'at's a mity fine idea-r!
By geez and by golly 'at's a treasure.
A poem a'day, don't ya say?
Ah figers ta' try jus' that, hey hey!
Just mite toss in two fur good measure?

Bro, Art

Yahr Limericks a Thrilly Dilly

Yahr poem ya say tis a might hillbilly,
Sends tickles up ma spine chilly-willy.
Is thayat some new-fangled gimmick
What ya call a "Hillbilly Limerick",
Or are ya jus beun frilly and silly?

Back at ya, Bro! Love Bro George

Your Second Once-A-Day Poetry Pill

Here is your second once-a-day poetry pill
To double-ensure you will not become ill.
Even though it might be hard to take,
Believe me Bro, it is for your sake,
And save you from literary death, I believe it will.

Bro, you should feel much better now!!! *George*

Grammar Rehab for Better Vocab.?

To keep my poems from being drab
I try to use varied and interesting vocab.
But when I twist words around,
I wonder if my poetry is sound,
And if I should attend grammar rehab?

Well Bro, what do ye think? George

Oral Vocab Rehab Advertisement

Notice! Vocab rehab curing verbal garbage.
We will cure your oral vocabulary carnage.
Please call Bros George and Art,
Your oral vocab rehab in short will start.
Soon your orations will be all the word-rage,
Oral mis-Q's will be a rare outage.
Rehab NOW, call George & Art. Be smart.

Bro Art

Our Grammar Rehab Schools

Together, there's no doubt we possess all the tools
Required to open a chain of grammar rehab schools.
After contemplating, for good measure,
To insure the student's literary pleasure,
And their creativity in mind, we go ***easy*** *on the rules.*

George

A Responsive Poem-fest

Geez, dear Bro, you demand so much.
I sleep in 'till almost brunch!
A poem you say? Well, I'm shocked at best!
Your request (most frivolous) is a true test!
You have no idea the strain I feel
To have to write (on demand?) for real!
My creativity – challenged by your request.
My brain-strain twists thoughts unexpressed!
But for you, dear Bro, only the best.
I hope this poem puts you at rest!
May your day be the best, your heart at rest.
May you laugh (just a little) at this poem-fest!

Love, Bro Art

Waiting for a Poem from YOU!!!

While working in our engineering zoo,
I've been waiting for a poem from you.
I know it is playtime in the summer,
Which, for you, might be a bummer,
To write me a poem, but PLEASE do!!

Love, Bro George

True Rest

I'm too busy for a poem!
Sad, but true, my *epitome*.
A grandparent parent takes it all.
Today's energy uses tomorrow's call.

But do I lament this state I fill?
No, God's call supplies my will!
Being weak, in Him I'm strong.
My rest in Him cannot be wrong.

Each day carries more than its match.
Each hour oft weighs a full day's catch.
But what would I do if not this plot?
An easier road cannot be fought!

I rest in doing a call so right.
I rest in knowing the fight I fight!
I cannot take another plight!
True rest comes when your heart is right!

Bro Art

Comment: The poem entitled **True Rest** reflects a significant change in my wife Martha's and my life. We had become nurses to a 3 year old granddaughter that had been left in a hot car. We had been given Temporary Custody of her by DHS. For her first year, age three to four, she could not walk and was fed by g-tube. We essentialy were 24/7 nurses.

Art

After a **lonnnng** e-mail silence:

Hello Bro

Hello there Bro,
Where'd ya go?
I haven't heard
A single word,
It's been ages ago.

Love, Bro George

Hey Big Bro,

Hey BIG Bro, whatzamattahyou?
You noah writa pretty words any more?
I keepa checka my e-mail door,
Anda I hopa finda somthin' from you,
It maka me wonda whata you uppa to!!
Me alwaysah senda you tonza lov,

Part-time Italiano Bro George

Hey! Dear Bro George!

Hey, Dear Bro George! I'm for sure here!
A bit warn, frazzled, brain stressed I fear!
As a parent I now do abide!
While my brain feels thoroughly fried!
Not to worry – I am in good cheer!

Bro Art

Yesterday

Yesterday, from you, an e-mail I did not find,
But down deep I hear the echoes of your mind,
But calling to me to let me know,
That safe, but busy is my Bro,
It's nice to know our thoughts are intertwined.

Love, Bro George

Dear Bro, I Miss Hearing from You

Dear Bro, I look for your e-mails hour-by-hour,
But since I've received none I've begun to wonder
If you are alright, traveling, or just busy, I ponder,
Anyway, thoroughly through my e-mails I scour.

It's just that hearing from and sharing with you,
And what you write I so look forward to read,
All these things has given me new life indeed,
And deep within my mind an entirely new view.

I REALLY don't mean to bother you, dear Bro,
But for me, it's wonderful what we share,
It shows deep inside we both really care,
And this means a LOT I want you to know.

Love, Bro George

A Rhymer's Lament

I'm pretty thin on poetic rhyme!
Lack of energy, strength, and time!
What emerges from my creative steam,
Is not but fodder for file thirteen.
Beware! This chatter is ill thought out.
At best a poet's misguided shout!
But a ship in the harbor must sail in time.
So, dear Bro, please accept this line.

Art

Great Bro!!! Received you poem and it is GOOD to hear from YOU!!!

Thank YOU for YOUR Poem!!!

In requesting a poem from you, I must confess,
I had no idea that for you, would bring duress.
I must apologize in every way,
But your poem, made my day,
With your eloquent words having poetic caress.

I pray that my request brought you no stress,
As You, and your "Artful" poem I truly bless.
I don't think you actually know,
How I love hearing from my Bro,
Now to thank you from my heart I do stress.

Love, Bro George

It's Good to Hear from YOU Too!!!

Aye me Bro, thanks for your crowing!
Your encouragement is beyond your knowing.
Sometimes my down needs some uplifting,
And when I read your humorous word-sifting,
Well, it's a medicine alright, as well much blessing.

Love to you Bro, Art

It's Good to Hear from YOU, Bro!

Aye me Bro, it's a mighty good to hear from ye, by thunder,
It's amazin' ye still write with the words I've torn asunder!
It does me heart plenty fine,
When you write each time,
And to me, I always find ye words of wisdom a wonder!

Love, from Bro George

Feeble Lines

I have not worked by brain in years,
Poetry seldom exhumes I fear!
But nevertheless I type feeble verse,
I never can think of a verse much worse!
Do you laugh? Come now. You should cry!
Can you not have great pity? Please don't lie.
But you say, any verse is worth the read.
OK, Dear Bro, I'll take your lead.
Yes, inspiration arrives in the dark wee,
More often since I must arise to pee.
Now that must titillate your funny bone,
Of course we might ask, is any one home?
Has senility's monster devoured my cortex?
Has my logic been disrupted by that terrible vortex?
Dirt to dirt, dust to dust, somewhere in between I must!
Recite: Line by line, stanza by stanza, the brain cries, UNJUST!!
I leave you now, please, enjoy your stay,
No doubt for such debasing rhyme I'll pay.
Have a good day!!

Love, Bro Art

My Review for YOU

From your quality of poems, I can tell,
You had time on your hands as well!!!
Other's opinions, I suppose, are fine,
But what counts is that of mine,
And I think your poems are quite swell!!!

Brother George

The King of Poetry You've Been Crowned

My dear Bro, I'll tell you what I've found,
After reading this and your Bo poem (see Art's book) of late…
Your poetic pictures doth richly abound
With carefully chosen words that resound
Nicely when read and to the ears sounds great,
By me, "The King of Poetry" you've been crowned!

Love from your Bro, George

Eloquence in Verse

My poignant poem to poets is true and terse,
To carefully chosen words you must clutch,
For feelings deep in hearts they may touch,
And cause people in their emotions to immerse,
So elaborate your words with eloquence in verse.

Love, Bro George

True Elequance?

Ya, I ish most elequance, deer Bro.
Ma words does hang in yer brain fer a day or so.
Ma words is to luf, what heaven is to a cuss.
Jus' recites 'n' re-peet. Yer pleasure thus complete.
But, what 'ere ye do, dasn't smells ma feet.
De moral of dis story is dat vords can be hoary.
De elequance is relative to da minds most creative.
Ya, der morals absolute, is fur the brain galoot!
I choose da vords most elequance, read and repeet fer happy-stance!
Ya, now repeets 10 times fur shur, and you'll be elequance fer ever-more.

Luv, Bro Art

Bro, help!!! This old man has been bugging me a LOT lately!!!

Old Man

How dare you mock me with your bulging-eye gaze,
Staring straight at me in an attempt to my spirit break,
While you taunt and tease, and in your way haze
What little youth I have left, deeply me you forsake.

Your facial hills and valleys reveal you are old,
As does your overweight body with thinning hair,
Your sagging stomach and wrinkles everywhere,
Plus big bulging buttocks are a sight to behold.

.

I find you disgusting and repulsive in my sight,
As I scrutinize you close as I approach nearer.
I'm now horrified to look upon your body's blight,
Old man, never again will I look at you in the mirror.

George

The Mirror's Fate

For a moment's moment
I seemed on top,
Life tasted O so good
And didn't seem to stop.

But hey! Wait now!
Ahead seems to be behind!
Hopes and wishes are lived out,
I seek with no time to find!

Priorities have gone astray,
Idle confusion trips my day.
But illogical as it seems,
I'm content – quite happy anyway!

Now the mirror sends its sinister reply,
Hey you, get ready! Prepare to die!
And the reflection's origin counters the threat,
On the floor the broken mirror did lie!

Art

HELP!!!

Lately, my mind is drawing a big blank
While a poem to you I'm trying to write,
With eloquent words clean out of sight,
My poems sure stink and read real rank,
And deep into despair my heart has sank.

With words not coming it's been a strain,
There's nothing but emptiness in my brain.
Dear Bro, do you know how long it's been,
Since words flowed smoothly from my pen,
I need your encouragement to write again!!

Love, Bro George

During the Most Inopportune Times…

During times appearing to be the most inopportune,
Whether it be while daydreaming in the afternoon,
Or late at night while staring at stars and the moon,
It is these times I often think of something to write
In a poem for which would be delightful to recite,
But often fail to do so for the timing is not right.

I often experience an idea of poetry when I am at work,
But failing to creatively write then is not just a quirk,
And writing a poem is not something that I would shirk,
But thinking up an idea for a poem when I am free,
Does not come as easily as when I am busy, you see,
Appearing the mind likes to be busy, wouldn't you agree?

Bro George

Rhyme-Words

Dear Bro, I sympathize, to be sure.
An absence of poetry renders the heart insecure.
Not receiving rhyming lines from you.
Makes me sad, but then I think of you too.
My brotherly affection goes beyond rhyme, that's for sure.

By the time I check the e-mail, delete, send to the trash bin, and forward,
There's little time left for poetry. Therefore, please accept this brief rhyme-word.

Love, Bro Art

Bro,

Question…what are your plans Thanksgiving Day,
Will you be home, or possibly somewhere away?
Well, whatever you creatively dream up to do,
I hope you have turkey, and not mulligan stew!!!

Ha Ha!!! By the way, I'll be in Texas!

Bro George

A Brother's Reply (after Thanksgiving)

So what am I doing? It's, what did I do!
The day has past, Thanksgiving's through.
Martha was under the weather with a bronchial cold.
So we stayed home not traveling to the Laumer fold.
So ALAS, no turkey we ate, but steak with dressing!
How's that for a twist on the Thanksgiving blessing!
Now dessert, boy can I rave!
On thanksgiving its pumpkin pie I crave.
And, yes, even with a topping of nuts!
That pie eased down into my overfilled guts.
That pie is gone now, not lasting a day.
Breyer's Creamy Vanilla helped pave the way!
Now its shop till you drop, the Friday after.
Get ready for gift-giving, wine, and chatter.
It's Christmas day "comin' round the bend."
A month to the day, presents we'll get and send.
Target and Walmart have committed crimes.
They've nixed "Merry Christmas" for "Happy Holiday" times.
Now for strings of lights, strung on the porch rail.
To brighten winter's cold gleam: darkness to pale.
Damp rainy nights with the wind in the ear.
I'll sit by the fire with a cup of good cheer.
Martha and I, snug as a bug,
All tucked in a quilt sipping tea from a mug.
Watching TV – a Hallmark Movie night.
Or perhaps a DVD of John Wayne, or something laughingly light.

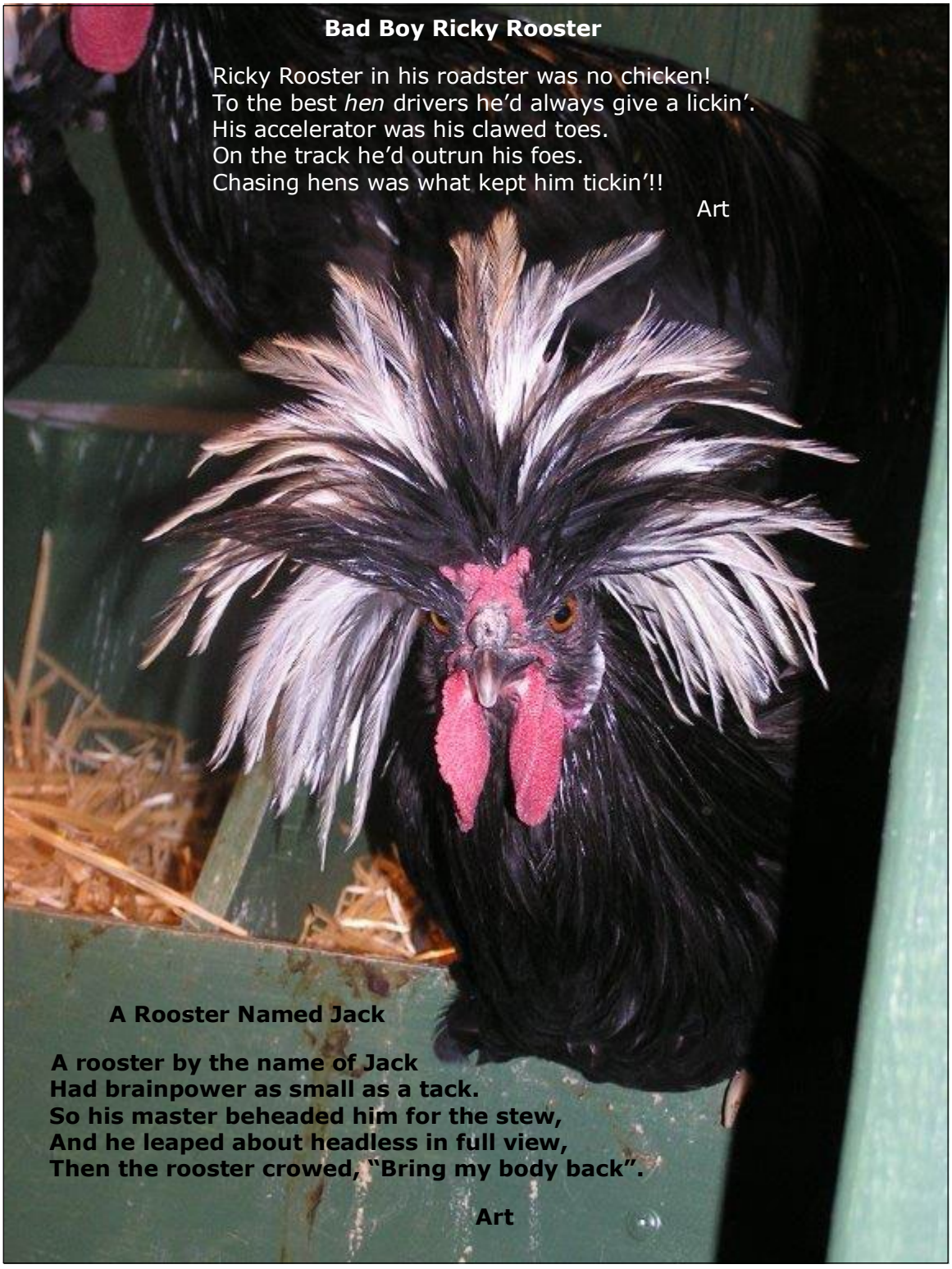
(continued next page)

O how I wish for winter's blanket of snow.
Covering the earth and quieting winter's glow.
But in good ol' CA, in the low lying Sacramento bog,
No white we'll see, just the chill of dank fog.
Texas you say! Ya'll hear now! Come-on!
Git yer 10 gallon hat, boots, spurs, and a song.
Its dough-gees you punch, an' rods that you pack!
It's the twang of the tongue that says "Y'all come back!"
No tumble-weed stew, no cow-punchin' to- boot.
Just WORK, WORK, WORK, it seems for you!
So just remember – take a moment to pray.
Thank the Lord for health, friends, and Thanksgiving's fray.

Y'all hear now!
Love to you and yours dearest Bro!!
Blessings!!
Bro Art

Comment on the above poem: Bro George had e-mailed news of an impending job in Texas.

Fowl Rhymes



Bad Boy Ricky Rooster

Ricky Rooster in his roadster was no chicken!
To the best *hen* drivers he'd always give a lickin'.
His accelerator was his clawed toes.
On the track he'd outrun his foes.
Chasing hens was what kept him tickin'!!

Art

A Rooster Named Jack

A rooster by the name of Jack
Had brainpower as small as a tack.
So his master beheaded him for the stew,
And he leaped about headless in full view,
Then the rooster crowed, "Bring my body back".

Art

Fruhling Family Photos – One of Arthur's flock of fowl – White Crested Black Polish Rooster

Puk-puk-puk-pukaaw!!!

The hen cackled loudly, puk-puk-puk-pukaaw!!!
Soon an egg rolled out with no flaw.
Exclaimed she of her act,
It's a miracle of fact,
That I must "cluck" for the egg to be raw.

Beware of hens that don't puk-puk-puk-pukaaw!
Their eggs will never be raw.
They silently lay,
One rock a day,
River rocks they lay with no flaw.

Art

Big Beak Ben Byrd

Big beak Ben Byrd in unusually windy weather,
Flew into a fragrant meadow of blooming heather.
His allergy made him sneeze,
Cough, gag, and wheeze,
Which ruffled his normally well-groomed feathers.

George

Ben Byrd for Sale

A frantic and foolish Ben Byrd
Flew frantically fast and vagrantly absurd.
As he broke the sound barrier,
He froze his derriere,
98 cents/lb was his worth!

Art

Rooster Jed

Much after it came turn for Rooster Jed
On the chopping block to lose his head,
From within the farmer's stew
Came a cock-a-doodle doo,
For Rooster Jed refused to believe he was dead.

George

Little Rhode Island Red

Little Rhode Island Red clucked in her nest
Laying eggs and doing her best.
In one day she laid seven,
In a week four and eleven
She then exclaimed, "I will; now lay to rest!".

Art

Rusty Red Rooster

Ranting Rusty red rooster
Was a football fan club booster.
Not understanding anything of the game,
He yelled his head off just the same,
Having fun even though he hadn't a clue-ster.

Barnyard big bully Bird soon over did strut,
Ordering Rusty to keep his mouth shut.
Rusty left embarrassed and crying
As he now felt like hiding and dying,
And did not know how to get out of this rut.

Cute chick Chelsy Cluck witnessed this crime,
But thought Rusty rooster to be ***SO*** *sublime,*
She tutored him in the rules of the sport,
And in his learning, he did not fall short,
Now Rusty calls out smart cheers at the right time.

George

Machinegun Chelsey Chicken

Machinegun Chelsey Chicken was always her nickname,
But it was not her being dangerous that gave her fame.
For when in her nest she went all-out,
And nobody anywhere had a doubt,
That she could lay eggs faster than any other dame.

George

The Fate of Doodle Dan

Doodle Dan Rooster was an Eagle at heart.
To soar in the clouds he thought would be smart.
He trained and trained and soon skyward did dart.
What exhilaration, what joy! He bursts through the sky.
Dan romped and dived. He was not at all shy.
Poor Dan did not know that soon he would die.
Farmer Brown shook his head and exclaimed to his wife,
"That crazy bird's actin' strange. He ain't doin' his thing.
He's s'posed ta'be with'n them hens a fertilizin' same.
His be'havior is strange an' begatin' ill fame".
Brown's wife said, "jus' shoot dat bird down! He's flappin' so high,
He cain't be a doin' his'in's job in the sky".
So Brown loaded up and blasted some shot.
Poor Doodle Dan Rooster was soon in the pot.

Possible moral consequences:

- Roosters shouldn't impersonate eagles
- Birds don't swim
- Fish don't fly
- Dogs don't fiddle
- Bums don't try
- You might get shot down if you set your sights high!
- Farmers shouldn't shoot eagles.
- It's the wife's fault – she said to do it.
- Gun legislation: Outlaw guns.

Art

Life of the White-Crested Black Polish Rooster

The amorous White-Crested Black Polish Rooster,
Around females was a real cock-a-doodle dooster.
He had a most certain propensity and yen
For constantly chasing each and every hen
And thought himself to be a romantic Romeo wooster.

Owner farmer did not like this cock-of-the walk
In constant pursuit of his female fowl livestock.
So he decided it was time to locate his axe,
And on his chopping block give him a few whacks,
But could not locate him by evening at eight o'clock.

Rooster had a friend, Hen Rietta, who liked him a lot,
And who also knew of the frantic farmer's plot.
So she confided with the rooster early that day,
Hoping that he would either hide or run away,
And not end up a dinner stew in the farmer's pot.

In the morning Rooster couldn't help but go cock-a-doodle-doo,
And who do you think heard this, yes indeed, you-know-who.
Then crouching and sneaking from behind,
The rooster, of course, the farmer did find,
And after grabbing the bird away to his chopping block he flew.

With visions of losing his head, the rooster began to plead,
Begging for his life, and promising a change was guaranteed.
And with a not-so-sure, but compassionate glance,
The farmer decided to give him one last chance,
And to sparing the rooster's life the farmer reluctantly agreed.

George

Racer Ricky Rooster

Ricky Rooster raced a roadster back in the day
When cars were CARS back then, so they say.
With his leather cap, gloves, and goggles on,
Over and over there were races that he won,
And Ricky kept his secret well hidden away.

His winnings, to other drivers, suspicion it did bring,
And to telling his secret, they ached for him to sing.
But after gaining a descent lead,
He knew his win was guaranteed,
If he, to aid his propulsion, flapped hard his wings.

George

Rocky Rooster

Rocky Rooster was a champion fighter,
Who's left hook was better than his righter.
But during one fight he got hit hard in the beak,
And was forced to retire from fighting in his peak,
So now he is a well-known sports writer.

George

Seagull

Man thought he heard God call it a seagull,
But man's hearing then must have been dull,
For God new this special bird would change,
As the plans for this bird He would rearrange,
So God only considered it His Model C Gull.

For countless eons God did earnestly mull
Over how to improve His Model C Gull,
And the end result was superb and sublime,
As God certainly outdid Himself that time,
For the ultimate now is to soar like an E Gull.

Bro George

God's Plan

The C-Gull peered at the E-Gull above.
Outraged in jealousy and hate it was.
But why, said the C-Gull do I fly so low?
Why can't I soar like a glider in tow?
Why must I scavenge the ocean's sandy shore?
Oh, thought the C-Gull, it's me I abhor!

The E-Gull peered at the C-Gull below.
Alone and unseen, a ghost in wind's tow.
But why, said the E-Gull, do I fly so high?
Why can't I play beneath God's blue sky?
Why must I dive for food in the turf?
Oh, thought the E-Gull, it's me I do mirth!

Our God from His throne in heaven did hear.
Calm and at peace he listened without fear.
Why must the C-Gull feel jealousy and rage?
Why must the E-Gull feel alone in sky's cage?
Didn't I make them both without fault?
To be who they *are* and not what they're not?

Bro Art

Pre C-gull

Through volumes of ancient history books,
I came across an animal circa pre-C-gull.
While perusing pages and at pictures did look,
I found where God had once created a B-gull.

The B model had four legs upon which it walked,
But God greatly desired a creature with only two,
And it barked instead of like a bird that squawked,
So God's early Model B-gull obviously never flew.

Bro George

Pretending to keep our German Heritage

Our Father, born in 1881, was the last of 9 sibs raised in a German-American family in San Jose, California. His Father, our Grandfather, was born in Prussia in 1830 (yes 1830). I (Art) was born when our Dad was 60 years old. Bro George is 7 years younger than I. We do not speak the German language, but do kid around with it. Art

Das Deutchman

Ya, dem Germans, vot a case!
They claim to be the Arian race!
Smiles? Vel, not very much.
Reality? Dey don't care too touch!
Perhaps a sneer or arrogant frown,
But certainly no smiles 'round der town.
Bah-humbugs! Their noses helt high.
Humbly narcissistic without a try!
Beware of a Deutchman that sports a grin!
Vit a handshake and wink, he'll take you in!

Art

Plinkity, Plinkaty

Plinkaty, Plankaty ouf der piano keys,
Wunderbar waltz von der Viennese.
Bon bon der sound,
Der Notes all around,
Dees pianist you should seeanese!

Your turn, Bro

Love Bro George

Ya, Der KeeZ dey Goz Plinkety Plinkety

Ya, der keez deftly goz plinkety plinkety,
hupsy der vrong plink it schtink!
Ya, Ich bein goot music, goz plinkety.
Na, it zound goot, it not schtink!
Essen der heart, Beethoven! Das plinketies goz svwiftlies ya?
Das plinketies goz swvooshes ups an down der 88's ant zounds plinkety bootifel! Ya?

Back at ya! Love from Bro Art

Das Could Do Much Verse

In das rhyming goot vurds yourself you try to emerse,
But sometimes das rules of poetry iss hard to obey,
And yah, da mind's taughts often come out inverse,
But no matter forwards or backward or any vich vay,
Tiss true at writing das poem you could do much verse!!!

George

Poetry is Goot

Vel, I tell you,
Poetry is goot,
Bot udder tings are nice:
Like VW's on der fly,
Like Santa und apple pie.
Like bic dogs dat smile,
Like zmiling fur der while.
Like a smooch on der chops,
Like handy kitchen mops.
Like cash on der barrel,
Like the eyes of a Farrell.
Like movies for a laff,
Like a strong walkng staff.

(continued next page)

Like a goot book to read,
Like a fat baby to feed.
Like the verds, "please forgive",
Like knowing how to live.
Like brothers that care,
Like a love that we share.
Like sunshine after the rain,
Like a cleansing from shame.
Like the varmth of a friend,
Like hugs that don't ever end.
Like vords from the Goot Book,
Like a trusting, knowing look.
Like a pair of shoes that fit,
Like a varm cozy place to sit.
Like, well huh, like, this poem that rhymes,
Like bells that chime and chime and chime.
Like the Bible that speaks truth,
Like a good Sherlock sleuth.
Like the end of a long day,
Like a graceful swimming stingray.
Like being thankful for who you are,
Like wishing on a star.
Like saying a prayer to our God,
Like growing plants in der sod.
Like the smell of food on der stove,
Like ocean waves pounding a cove.
Like….

Your turn! Love from Bro Art

Schockenspiel, the Glockenspiel

Glamorous is the glockenspiel
But to hear it is a shockenspiel.
The notes, not being pure,
Would lead one to allure,
The quality is schlockenspiel.

George

Philosophical / Contemplative

Antiquities of the Mind

Seekers and searchers of our past are we,
For everyone, something we hold dear,
Reflecting on ancestral memories
And family lineage from whence it be,
Being archeologists of our childhood years.

We protect the past that in our thoughts resound,
So fragile and priceless are memories in our mind,
Our forefather's footsteps in recollections abound,
And family traits buried deep within being found,
Compulsive collectors are we of antiquities of the mind.

George

Man's Search

Memory comes and memory goes.
From whence and to where, who knows.
Bones upon bones keep secrets locked tight.
Graves hold secrets from our memory's sight.

Oral history unravels the past.
Books full of words; truths to last?
Yes, man desires knowing his ancestral tie.
With wrenching compulsion we seek, then die.

To be at rest is to know who we are.
To have "peace that surpasses" we often search far.
But the Rock that causes our strife to cease,
Is our great Creator, the Prince of Peace.

Archeology digs bones holding memories tight.
Our compulsion to know makes us dig and fight.
Our race wants to win and to know who we are.
Know this: Our identity in Him is your guiding star.

Art

Summertime

Long ago youthful summer days
Were enjoyed in the warmth of the sun,
With cares cast aside fell fabulous fun,
Playing outdoor games that all kids play,
And wearing out shoes for I loved to run.

In retrospect, youth too quickly flew by,
And with passing of those memorable days
Many times I had to toil in our hot Sun's rays,
For there were mouths to feed and clothes to buy,
But living always seemed to work out some way.

I feel my age now after seemingly eons of years,
Playtime is long over and my work almost done,
Sometimes it got tough, although I still found fun,
But now plans of relaxing, to my heart endears,
Retiring and truly enjoying the warmth of the Sun.

George

Youth

Wisps of memories still ripe.
Thoughts and feelings deep inside.
Reminders of youth's freedom in play.
Too quickly lost, ne'er forgotten in time!

O, what freedom, what playtimes we had.
We whizzed about, sensing life's offerings.
We touched, smelled, saw glory with eyes.
Irresponsibility's events savored for a time!

Lost now in time are the joys of our youth.
Lost but remembered and in our heart cherished.
Remembering forever and experiencing in mind.
Those times of our youth, O, what a time!

Art

Retirement

This "bod" is alive and kickin'.
I hop 'n skip like a chicken.
From here ta' there, multiple tasks I bear,
Me "backside" pushes me frontside, I swear.
There's certainly no time for sittin'.

Love, Bro Art

Thoughts on Time

Time has no beginning and no end.
Time is forever and for eternity.
Time is constantly passing.
What is the rate of time passing?
For some, "time stands still".
For others, "time flies by".
Nevertheless, "time does slip by",
seemingly, at different rates for different people.
Some people seem to have "all the time" in the world.
Some people know how to "make time".
How do I create time?
For others, "their time is up".
How do we measure time?
How much time does it take to create a new star?
How much time does it take for a star to die?
Time is relative to what?
Actual speed compared to the speed of light?
My life compared to yours?
What unit of measure do we use for all relative times?
How is time measured in the universe?
Since time is relative, is time accurate?
It is said that "time heals".
Religious people say that "God heals".
Is time a part of God?
There is a saying "Time Tracks".

(continued next page)

Does time really leave tracks when time itself cannot be seen, felt, or heard?
How many kinds of time are there in the universe?
Time Zones and Prime Time is for man.
How does time affect other creatures of the universe?
What is the time difference between the birth of a child and the death of an old man?
Some people say it is "time to go", others say it is "time to stay".
What time device tells what to do compared to time that we do not understand?
I have heard of time travelers. How do I use time to travel?
Is it possible to travel through time?
Time to get up....time to go to bed.
What is the difference between those times?
Does "all in good time" indicate that there is also a bad time?
What IS time? ...please be *timely* in your reply.

Bro Art

To Make the Most of Time

No matter your desire,
Time does not stand still.
For time has its own will,
And time does not tire.

If you dare to procrastinate,
You'll find, time does fly
And time will pass you by,
As time does not wait.

Here's a new paradigm:
From the time you awake,
Priorities you must make,
To make the most of time.

George

It's true…setting well thought-out priorities makes all the difference in how your time is spent…AND…you will find yourself having more time available for some fun things in life!

In a Blink of the Eye

In the split second of things we face,
Whether it be a newborn baby's cry,
Or an old man's death within our race,
It's simply amazing what can take place
In the short single blink of the eye.

Through an invisible cyber-space
Countless e-mails between us fly
At a most incomprehensible pace
Making it hard for all to embrace
What happens in the blink of an eye.

By Comparison, how long would it be…
A person's life and the blink of their eye,
To time, as we know it, throughout eternity?
How many years would eternity's blink be?
Yielding a more incredible blink of an eye!

From caveman to travel in outer space,
Is this our eternity's blink of an eye?...
Proving time is relative throughout space
And to man's comprehension it does abase.
Simple, yet profound, all in the blink of an eye.

George

The Time it takes to Blink an Eye

The time it takes to blink an eye,
A baby cries and an old man dies.
For a blink of an eye is a relative event,
Measuring a certain amount of time that's spent.
One's blink of an eye is another's life,
Or perhaps one ion's oscillation flashing by.
Whatever this blink of an eye represents
Is merely history to the present sent.

Art

Pirates / Sailing

What I Saw

I sailed the wide-open seas
To see what I could sees,
But all I did sees
Was the tropical trees
Marooned by me self near some reefs.

Art

The Good'n and the Bad'n

A Pirated Cap'n named Thor
Banged his wooden leg on the floor.
Says he, it's a good'n,
Me good leg's the bad'n,
It's me peg leg I favors the more.

Art

A Pirate's Demise

A pirate, whose secrets he always let slip,
Eventually sailed on his very last trip.
He might not have met with Davy Jones,
If this sailor's rule was better known:
"Beware me Mates, Loose Lips Sink Ships".

George

The Cruel Pirate Captain

The captain was cruel and brought sailors to their knees,
Which, to his pirate crew, certainly did not appease.
A mutiny, the pirated did plan,
And all agreed to the last man,
After which, the pirate ship they immediately did seize.

Har Har HAR!!! Bro George

A Pirate's Buried Treasure

Plunder, every Pirate's personal pleasure,
To protect, they used every clever measure.
Even though they always made a map,
The spot marked "X" was only a trap,
For the real clues were hidden to their buried treasure.

Ahoy Bro!!! Keep a close eye out now for the buried treasure!!! AYE!!!!

Bro Art

"X" Marks the Spot

Ahoy, mates, thars buried in yonder cave.
A treasure what I'd give a leg ta'save.
"X" marks the place where I last seen tha' pillage.
It's about 3 kms west of me old home village.
Me wife guards the spot. O, ya' must be so brave!

Bro Art

Pirate School

In Pirate School, they are thorough, they are,
Why they even teach all mates the three "R's".
The pretty little teach,
Was quite the peach,
And taught us all to go "AR AR AR".

OK Bro, now you keep an AYE out!!! AR AR AR!!!!

Bro George

The Pirate Who Drank

The pirate who while on duty drank,
Was forced to jump off the plank,
When a shark he did spy,
He let out a loud cry,
But managed to swim to the bank.

Bro George

The Captain

The captain of the sea-going clipper,
Said it was because he was the Skipper,
That when his work day was done,
He wanted relaxing and fun,
So while playing cards he wore his slippers.

Bro George

The Game

The Game

Unexplainable, yet irresistible to see.
So light-weight, so slim, yet solid.
Frozen in time, expecting, yet fearing.
No smiles, yet dimpled in face.

No hesitation, but waggling presentation.
Perfectly balanced, exquisitely shaped.
Movement gives way to anticipation.
Motion quick but with grace.

Contact so firm, so rightly placed.
Dimples devoured, a perfect connection.
O how I spun, how I then soared!
A glorious ride - beautiful to trace.

Going straight, a deep desire.
Rising, spinning, was I hooked?
Soon altitude lost, my high subsided.
Titanium's kiss delivered with grace.

Art

PS: A drive seen through the eyes of a golf ball.

The Game Continues…

I know that I must make an educated calculation
To drive the ball straight with proper acceleration.
It's obvious this is just a guess,
And now I think I am in a mess,
So I had better try improving my concentration.

I address the ball and take a glance,
Then shuffle and do a little dance,
I tighten my grip,
So the club doesn't slip,
While swinging away in my stance.

(continued next page)

I go ahead and take my first swing,
But only in the grass I make a large ding,
I asked my caddie to then give it,
And replaced the oversized divit,
Then resolved to finally hit the darned thing.

I swung and swung then once and for all,
Somehow I managed to hit the darned ball.
Then a thought through my mind tore,
As I realized I had forgot to yell "fore",
So as loud as I could I yelled the call.

Bro George

George,

GREAT POEM!!
Spelling IS important in the GAME.
Here is why!

FORE!!!

A golfer who (alas) could not spell.
Yelled FOUR as his drive sped toward Mell.
Poor Mell wrote down 4,
But confused by the score.
Hollered "four?", then on the green he fell.

Art

Hazards of "The Game"

I placed the ball on the tee,
Then In flew a brave birdie,
He startled us one and all,
As he knocked off the ball,
Then flew laughing to a nearby tree.

(continued next page)

After we hit all our balls way down the fairway,
We discovered everything had been watered that day,
I slipped on the grass,
And fell on my "rear", (no comments, PLEASE!!!)
But decided to continue "The Game" anyway.

All at once appeared a mean looking mole,
Who ran lively then quickly to my ball stole,
I chased the little rat,
Until on my face I fell flat,
As he was disappearing down the first hole.

Another ball from my bag I produced,
But added to my strokes I deduced,
Taken as a mulligan should it be?
But the others, how would this they see?
So only by good playing could my strokes be reduced.

In a sand trap my ball eventually ended up,
So I took a break and from a drink did sup,
After twenty-one more strokes,
I became the center of their jokes,
But by and by I got that darned ball in the cup.

After what seemed like hours of play,
The sky filled with dark clouds of gray,
I was concentrating while putting on the green,
And the hole happened to be number sixteen,
Lightning struck the flag pole during my play.

"The Game" to this day I truly admire,
And to be a better player I do aspire,
But by my thinking I estimated,
If the hazards cannot be eliminated,
I am considering from "The Game" I should retire.

Bro George

Father Martin O'Malley McGee

Father Martin O'Malley McGee
Played Golf, and lived by the sea.
For his flock he would pray,
Sipping ale all day,
His calling: To pray, play, and pee.

Father Martin O'Malley McGee
Golfed at St. Andrews By the Sea.
At Vespers he'd pray,
On the fairway to stay,
And to break par just a "wee."

Father Martin O'Malley McGee
Packed tobacco to puff a wee.
He'd smash a strong drive,
Then inhale his "after five",
Puffing smoke for all to see.

Father Martin O'Malley McGee
Devine intervention he'd see.
His ball when it wavered,
His prayers would be savored,
Thus golfing perfection was "tee'd".

Art

The Mother of Father Martin O'Malley McGee

The mother of Father Martin O'Malley McGee,
Was named Margaret O'Malley McGee, you see,
She caught him praying to Mary to help his game,
So she bent all of his clubs to straighten his aim,
And with a kind heart did so ever so lovingly.

Margaret managed to steal and hide his snuff,
So when he went for a chew out in the rough,
All he could do, you see,
Was pull down his pants and pee,
While inconspicuously standing there in the buff.

(continued next page)

So sweet is his mother, Margaret O'Malley McGee,
Why, she could never even hurt a fly or a flee,
But when he got home she gave him a thump,
And on his head he developed a large bump,
She said for drinking his ale just a "wee".

George

I've never tried golfing, but I had a lot of fun creating poems with Brother Arthur of this game. A lot of things you've never tried can be fun in some context.

George

Travel / Southern Poems

Time Off

Tomorrow we head to Tahoe to idle away some days,
A get-a-way from ordinary ways.
Yes, it's time to take a rest and needed break,
Time well spent at the Lake.
Hwy 50 awaits us, Placerville, Twin Bridges, Bijou,
Restful times like this are few.
So we'll pack some bags and fattening foods,
Yes we'll change our moods!

Love, Bro Art

Your Trip to Lake Tahoe

Since you've up and gone to Lake Tahoe,
I dug up some facts about the Lake,
Although it's too late for you to take,
But when you return you'll learn and know
And soon be able to spout facts and crow.

I hope you and Martha have fun Bro dear,
And return home soon, both safe and sound,
To relay your trip of the lake you went around,
And tell of Tahoe's mountain cliffs so sheer,
I'm already anxious of your trip to hear.

Love, Bro George

Waiting in Line at the Airport

Here I am along with every other woman and man,
Standing in a long, long, LONG single file line,
Wishing I was still a young kid so I could whine,
Or figure some way out. Hmm... I need a plan,
Until then, I'll patiently wait here as fast as I can!

Love, Bro George

Travel By Air Or On The Ground?

Is it truly better to travel by air,
Or are we missing sights
We cannot see in flights,
Making travel on the ground as fair,
Proving air travel trite?

Time determines how we travel,
For traveling slow by car,
You may not get as far,
But more may possibly unravel,
As your favorite memoir.

Bro George

Those Who Travel

I wonder if those who travel from point B to A,
Notice the points of interest along their way,
And do they enjoy all their in-between sights,
Completely taken in with pleasure and delight?
Do people know how to relax along their way,
And arrive fresh at destinations from day to day?

George

Traveling

That's a great question, brother of mine.
One's delight is another bore, don't you see?
Some travel with eyes, their delights are viewed and free.
Some slumber, rest for the weary, a pleasant repine.

Some eyes read books, ignoring God's nature.
Some chat away, hours on end, all else a distant blur.
Others, I suppose, grumble and mumble, attitudes sour,
But for me I prefer to enjoy the ride, not just to endure.

Art

Down Where…

Down where you find crocks –n- gators,
The people there eat taters –n- tuhmaters.
And true stories there also be,
Of a numerous and great variety,
Of oversized, humongous, muhskaters.

George

Heavenly Fixins

Dang, Bro, come-on now! Taters-n-tahmaters?
Whats about okra and fried green tahmaters?
Ooooh, that deep-fried bottom catfish,
Or a hunkin' deepfried alligator meat dish.
Aaah, an' sweet tea? In heaven I wish!

Yep, them skeeters they do bite!
And the hot humidity is a fright.
But fried oysters with Louisiana swill,
An' the smell of shrimp gumbo in the rue
Will cure any ailment you ever had,
Or for that matter ever will.

Come-on now! Pass da Chicken and dumplin's

Died and gone to Heaven - Art

Traveling Again?

Since I last heard from you,
In time, there has been a blip.
Are you and Martha on a trip,
Sight-seeing with a super view,
You should have taken me too!!

Did you visit a place I once knew,
Or did you venture somewhere new?
Or are you just reading a thick book,
And didn't realize the time it took,
Away from writing you know who!!

Love, Bro George

Back From Oregon

Got back from OREGON last Thursday and have barely caught up to write.
Every day I intend to e-mail you with a delicious poem you may recite.
Well, the truth is, that I have hardly been on the ol' computer to date.
That's no excuse, just the current fact of life, me mate.
I duly promise and hope to be up to par and regular with lines sublime.
But intentions whether good or so-so are not always on time!
Muchos gracias for your so regular poetic ditties and communiqués.
They cheer me amidst the unsolicited e-mails that literally waste days.
So keep-um comin' dear Bro of mine! Don't hold back or even waste one line.
Just know that I'll be on the receiving end of your so enjoyable e-mails.
And of course since practice makes perfect, hoist them poetic sails!

Love, Bro Art

Your Summer Vacation

Dear Bro, have you been traveling the countryside,
Maybe through the South and eating Southern-fried,
Or up to Alaska's famous Glacier Bay,
Eating Giant Crab the Eskimo way,
Or to the Mojave Desert where the air is hot and dried?

No matter wherever in the world you roam,
Whether it be to the Pacific shores of foam,
Just keep one thing in mind,
No matter what you may find,
There is absolutely no place on earth like home.

George

Vacation Report – Summer 05

Yep, We've returned from the fray,
We'll vacation more another day.
Oh, Brother, here I am,
Yes, reinstating a poetic scam,
No longer out on the lamb!

Yes, we traveled near the coast,
Rainy and cool the days most.
North winds brought surf crashing,
The turbulence was quite smashing!
T'was so refreshing to coast at the coast!

Love, Bro Art

Back From Milwaukee, WI

Yo Bro, wachaknow?
Backintown, & hearya crow.
So have no fear,
My pens in gear,
And poems will start to flow.

Bro George

Squawky Talky from Milwaukee

Milwaukee sounds squawky.
How does a Milwaukeean talky?
Cock-a-doodle-doo I crow!
No fear your pen won't flow!
So Bro, let-er-rip, n' talky Milwaukee.

Bro Art

Arthur, I wrote this poem from observing people conversing with each other at the Milwaukee, WI airport.

Strangers Remaining Strangers

Strangers speaking with very little thought,
Pretending friendships of each other's past,
Confessing too much when they should ought not,
As their encounter is brief and will not last.

So many words, but so little said,
Seemingly, without reason or rhyme,
Meaningless trivia passing from head to head,
The only accomplishment being, to pass the time.

To every Mr., Mrs., Ms., and Miss,
I ask you now to consider this:
Fruitful conversations should be our way,
So why speak if you have nothing to say?

Bro George

Reply to your "Strangers Remaining Strangers"

Your poetic verse is most uplifting,
Your words ring true and need no sifting.
Idle words to pass the time
Seem to have no meaningful incline,
But perhaps empty words might be uplifting!

Consider this and mull the thought:
A man is heard to say "I'm wrought".
The listener inquires, "About what?
You seem not to need a lot".
The man slurs back, "I am a sot".

The listener, most uncomfortable, replies,
"You mean you imbibe most all your days?"
The sot replies, "Well, not on special forays.
After all, that's when I visit my loved one.
She is my mother and I am her son".

The listener most encouraged in turn does replay,
"I congratulate you on your courtesy.
Your thoughtfulness convicts me,
My selfishness overwhelms me.
Pray tell, your mother, is she alive, or did she die?"

The sot replies, with pain on his face,
"She is not alive, but gone to her rest,
For her it certainly by far is best.
I was not the son I could have been,
My grief and imbibing covers my sin at best".

The hearer, again uncomfortable, gently asks,
"Your 'sin', tell me if you can, destroyed the past?"
The sot replied, "O yes, that's true,
But it's something I wish to convey to you".
The hearer responds, "Is your sin something new?"

The sot amidst anguish and tears, did deliver:
"My mother wished me be a doctor of the liver.
To this aim I could only shake and quiver.
My schooling was futile, my interests to differ.
My interest being elsewhere, I could not satisfy her".

(continued next page)

The listener inquired, “What is it you do?
Pray tell me, I want to know about YOU”.
The sot in a defeating tone said,
“You would laugh the rest of the way home,
If you knew my present professional tomb”.

The listener said, “Just give me a go.
Pray tell, dear sir, I wish to know”.
The sot replied, “My, my,…huh, job you see,
Is not one that few would do or be.
I’m a rich philanthropist, I give money for free”.

The listener gasped, “You give for free?
That’s the most worthy act, don’t you see?
Why most people work to take and have,
While you graciously give, what a balm and salve.
You are most worthy in my eyes,
Why do you berate yourself and believe such lies?
Please, I am only one person speaking,
But give up the sot and believe you’re worthy”.

The sot replied, “You’ve encouraged me so great!
I’ll do what you say, and alter my state.
I’ll drink no more, but believe in me.
The lie I thought was that mother would frown,
If I didn’t become a doctor renowned.
But giving the inheritance that came from Mom,
Is a worthy action and is not wrong!”

Bro Art

If Travel Had Unlimited Possibilities

If travel had unlimited possibilities,
I would choose to travel in time,
For I feel there is much more to see,
With adventures in greater variety,
But for me, it would be no pastime.

I could easily get lost in days gone by,
Or somewhere in the future, either case,
But leisurely times to my liking applies,
So first traveling to the past I would try,
For starters I'm sure 'tis good as anyplace.

My travel bags I would quickly unpack
If somewhere in time, I found my niche,
Then time itself, I would not keep track,
For I doubt that I would ever come back,
These possibilities in time give me the itch.

George

The Choice

I walked upon the sands of time
Not knowing my destiny.
I walked unsteady and hesitant,
Unable to feel the rhyme.

But even though not sensing gain
I moved nevertheless ahead.
My intuition seemed completely failed,
I wished that I were dead.

Was heart to fail and body to go
This trip a moment's chime?
My body's strength a fleeting thought,
An instant in forever's time?

(continued next page)

O how I grasp for knowing, for truth,
My inner heart did cry!
What moments wasted in vain efforts,
What emptiness to try!

The answer, the knowing, so yearned for,
What foolishness to seek!
The heart's cry, the gut wrenching search,
Refused a dismal peek.

Yielding is desperation's fate, so
Look beyond your pain.
A peace awaits you, a rest is there,
Succumb to His eternal reign.

Please, desperation brings discontent,
Why succumb to trouble's shame.
Why yield to life's worries and ponders,
Just rest in His infinite reign.

Art

Traveling in some respect is like writing a poem. Both will take some planning to end up with a good result. George

Weather / Seasons

My Winter Coats and Big Boots

Our skies have turned from blue to dark gray,
And now it is supposed to snow here today,
So I put on big boots instead of shoes,
And my warm winter coat I wore too,
For I truly love Winter's clothes I must convey.

Love, Bro George

Bro George's Love

Bro George who lived in CO,
Loved coats and shoes for the snow.
His closet was stacked,
With boots to the max.
Hung coats – a mere dozen or so.

Bro Art

Like a Young Boy Again

Clouds have moved in with cold temps showing,
And the wind's picking up with gusts a'blowing,
Once again I feel like a young boy,
As my heart jumps and leaps for joy,
When I gaze outdoors to find it gloriously snowing.

George

Contrasts

Snow? O no. Not in Califor-ni-o!
Just FOG, FOG, FOG; moist & dank – a BOG!
To wish for a dry cold – insanity's thought at best.
To feather bed under a quiet snow – a dream rest!
Enjoy snow boots, snow coats, snow-white sublime.
Being snowed in, not FOGGED in, I'll take any time!!
A snowbound fire, a poet's rhyme, warm boots and coat – now that's my line!

Art

The Four Seasons

Winter, Summer, then the Fall,
Springtime too, I love them all.
Individually, they are most expressive,
Preventing me from being depressive,
And interesting enough to enthrall.

George

In the Cool Crisp Early Mornings

In the crisp mornings, my breath steams in the air
As I stand on my porch with coffee cup in hand,
Gazing at the Rockies while looking over the land,
Taking notice of how trees turn fall hues with flair,
And thinking of winter for which I must prepare.

At the first frost, leaves fall to the ground,
Afterwards I stand outside in the chilly morn,
With insulating layers of warm clothes I adorn,
And anticipate icicles that soon will be found,
Completely amazed that life now still abounds.

Bro George

Musings on "The Cool Crisp early Mornings"

What is a cool crisp morn? Some say they know,
But here where I'm sitting, it's not reality's show.
The heat still oppresses, but the prune trees are opulent.
The harvest is on, as is layers of mosquito repellent.

But awake, O my sense of the goodness of life.
Be calm and joyful amidst trial and strife.
Overlook the ever-present attacking hoards:
Age, wrinkles, pains, and maladies of all sorts.

Why not just rise tall like the tanbark oak.
Reach for the apex and joyfully soak.
Bow to the creator, give thanks for your time.
Raise looks triumphant and enjoy this life's rhyme!

O how we distort the goodness that's here.
We live lives of worry and unnecessary fear.
Anticipations not forthcoming, empty desires resounding.
Impurity, de-botchery, deceit, such are confounding.
Instead, seek His loves' goodness, and truth will appear.

Bro Art

It's A Fabulous Fall Afternoon

It's a fabulous Fall afternoon,
With wispy winds in the sky,
While leaves falling as they die,
Tree's branches to be bare soon,
And agreeable with all this am I.

The sky is blue as blue could be,
With clouds high in the jet stream,
It's obvious this is nature's scheme,
Flaunting her colors for all to see,
And immersed am I in a lazy daydream.

George

The Answer

The autumn leaves foretell winter's freeze,
The icy rains bring down the leaves.
Storms that follow devour life's sound.
Silent mantles of white over death abound.

"What's it All About, Alfie?", so the song cries out.
Is life's fever to wane without a shout?
Do we succumb to winter's cold incarceration?
Do my bones have naught but dirt for their destination?

I did it "My Way", the crooner's voice rang out.
His voice lies buried now impossible to shout.
Do these words matter when under winter's cold?
Even Braveheart from his grave refuses to be bold.

"Where Have all the Flowers Gone?" cries a ballad from long ago.
Lying deep in silence, under winter's cold snow.
Even Socrates and Plato lie still without a sound.
Such minds in death merely planted in the ground.

"The trumpet shall sound", Handel shouts to us all.
Announces (yes, shouts!) new hope, yes, a new call.
He'll ride a white horse through winter's cold tomb.
His sword piercing death; calling man to Heaven's home.

Love, Bro Art

Words & Poetry

Joy Restored

The nightingale chirped gloriously and loud
For the night air to hear,
Its melodious and original cheer.
If not for its song, a dismal paler of cloud.
O sing! Song that brings heart's joy,
Melody enchanting – the nightingale's ploy.
My faith and joy restored; my spirit endowed.

Art

Pure Poetic Eloquence

The melodious lines of your "Joy Restored" rhyme,
Sing more beautifully than that of the nightingale,
And even over the meadowlarks' song it does prevail,
For flowing are your words, so smooth and subtly sublime.
Such poetic music rings in my ears so pure and clear,
While my beating heart holds your stanzas delightfully dear,
For your display of poetic eloquence is surely at its prime!

George

O BRO

Just a quick jot, HI BRO!
Not much time to script a ditty,
But never-the-less I'll avoid self pity,
Humbleness disallows this ditty to be witty
What remains? The fact that my Bro is a PRO!
This said with all intent of great sincerity.
Truth rings with much obvious clarity.
Truth even brings hope & parity.
To you, O BRO, a fair-day!

Bro Art

Pity this Witty Ditty

A poem needs a hearing and a voice,
So even though I'm tired and somewhat annoyed,
I'll make every effort to transcribe this ditty,
Not even feeling remotely the least bit witty.
Please accept this remotely entertaining rhyme,
My humble regrets, my sympathies are compelled to chime,
For this epistle needs a serious reconfiguring,
Not sounding the beat and rhyme most desiring.
My loving dear Bro I do send this feeble ditty,
And I beseech that you forgive these words of pity.

Love, Bro Art

Isn't It A Pity?

Although it may not be pretty,
I would like to send you a ditty.
Rushing at work all the time,
Ruins my thinking for rhyme,
Isn't it a pity it isn't also witty?

George

Sublimely Creative Poetry

Yep, it's a pity that's for sure! You say,
Your poetry has become "Rusty and Gritty."
With "vim and vigor" you'll make my day!
With sublimely creative poetry most witty.
A composition most creative, with rhyme,
Exquisite and lasting, good for all time.

Love, Bro Art

To Muse with Word

Thee, I speak, doth thou hear?
Thine ear inclined be it near?
What sound vents its cauldron?
Oh to speak, better yet to hear!

Riddles bedevil one's cranial infractions!
Confusions internal disrupt one's peace.
Fogs do shroud the realities transparent.
Care not thee a cause to cease?

Be gone, be gone, why retain insurrection?
Cackles and swoons deny one's pension?
My life's insurrections doth lead to naught?
Better then best to be self's affection.

One's heart doth speak – oh to listen!
Cranial meddlings do thine heart confuse.
Injustices rend hopes – snares apparent.
Thine dreams and hopes – a muse?

Laughing doth dissolve life's fears?
The Rhyme of poetry brings cheers?
Mind's black forests lose their tears?
Oh yes, wordly beauty ends ones fears!

Art

A Poet

A poet, with words, doth a picture paint.
Yet, having meaning, wise and profound,
Permeated with truth and honesty so sound,
Clever with the word of the day, yet quaint,
And deep in the hearts of his readers, a saint.

A poet's words are polished with silver-plating,
So clever, skillfully smooth always easy to read,
And his own words displays a top quality breed.
For his next poem his readers are always waiting,
From lovers of words to a poet, the highest rating.

George

The Written Word

The written word, often poetic
Keeps calmness from turning hectic.
The verse on paper reflects unwavering,
The intent the reader's heart is savoring.
The written word in verse does cause
The reader to think and pause.

Love, Bro Art

Lear's Legacy

When young, of Lear's Limericks I knew,
His poems, I've read more than just a few.
Whelmed the while,
I studied his style,
Now I'm currently creating them too.

George

Arthur's Bro, George

Art has a bro George A.
On words he enters the fray.
Now Lear was no slouch
With lyrical clout,
But George A. outlasts Lear any day.

Bro Arthur

King of Limericks

I have used no gadgets or gimmicks,
To make me the King of Limericks.
Much to poetical consideration,
I use assonance and alliteration,
To keep my poetry proper and primmerick.

Not too humble huh?

Not too Humble !!!

I'm afraid on my own words I may stumble,
As my "King of Limericks" was not too humble.
A little too much I may have showed off,
And I don't blame you at this if you scoff,
And throw words back at me without fumble.

Humble Pie George

The Perfect Limerick

The perfect limerick, while trying to create,
Over and over numerous words I did debate,
But somehow my busy brain,
I managed to stress and strain,
So for you to read my poem you'll have to wait.

George

Limerick Writing

Limericks go: A-A-B-B-A.
A five-line stanza making your day.
Just begin at the A-line,
No doubt you'll B-fine!
On your mark, get set, don't delay!

Art

Loquacious Literature

I come to you in a manner most gracious,
For your objective understanding is capacious,
In writing eloquent words I fumble,
And my thoughts are all in a jumble,
So my intent to write good poetry seems fallacious.

My desire in producing poetic form is sagacious,
But by no means either vexatious or ostentatious,
For I hope that my rhyme's meaning
To someone special will be leaning,
And will produce for them something efficacious.

George

A Rhyming Word

A rhyming word is oft the strike of life,
That lifts the heart above life's dismal plot.
It drives us to heights of wisdom oft sought.
Raising the bar beyond our strife.
Hearing the good – the songs of cheer.
New hope – angel's voices come near.
Sweet verse that melodiously gives new life!

Art

My Heartfelt Compliment to You, Bro

Even your early poems read most fair,
But there has been a noticeable transition,
For your rhyming stanzas shine with flair,
With pure poetic content beyond compare,
Now smoothly flowing are your compositions.

Your recent poetry is a true accomplishment,
With my observation being of honest sincerity,
Your poetry is professional and eloquent,
Making the fact eminent and evident,
That you are no longer my poetic parity.

In light of your recent poetic achievement,
My struggling poetic attempts are inferior,
And you, obviously being a scholarly gent,
I now pay to you my personal compliment,
My Bro, you have become my poetic superior.

Your loving Bro, George

Bah, Humbug!

Bah, humbug!
A likely assertion!
YOUR rhymes devour
My best exertion!

A tribute to YOUR poetic style!
A "high five" to your poetic files!
But why compare (it's certainly unfair!)?
Oh, yes! Your line is all smiles!

Love, Bro Art

Terse Verse

Short verse
Abruptly terse,
But to the point says I,
And a limerick rhyme
Can be no crime,
Unless from laughing you die!

Ha Ha HA!!! Bro George

A Poem for Thee

Vacuous thoughts reflect this stew.
O could I churn forth some creative rhyme.
What pleasure, what joy would soon be mine.
But, yes – but, o drat that excuse.
A tool of postponement, that ruse!
I say! Now is that time whence thought flows free.
Soon a scrumptious and delightful poem for thee.
A delight, yes a surprise – comes this rhyme for you!

Love, Bro Art

Phonetic Sounds

Phonetic Sounds should fluently flow,
From poet's mind to the reader's eye,
With words of eloquence he must rely.
Always these to his audience bestow,
So hearts and minds will reach the sky.

George

Thanks for Your On-going Rhyme

Thanks for your on-going rhyme!
It is warmth to my heart any time!
The bounce of the rhyme-rhythms,
The cadence of word-confections,
To my heart is deep warmth sublime!

Love, Bro Art

Miscellaneous Humor

It is so important that we are free and capable of the humorous, whether towards our self, others, or circumstances that might even be unpleasant. And, yes, this humor should be kind.

Oral Barbeque

An electrician wore steel-toed shoes,
He sported steel-alloy braces to chew.
With his boots wired - 120AC,
Raw steak he would bite ferociously.
Just imagine his personal oral barbeque!!!

Love, Bro Art

An Electrician

An electrician who shorted a wire,
With a voltage not low, but higher,
A bolt flew through the air,
Badly singeing his hair,
And charring his entire attire.

George

A Byte Out Of History

Bill Gates at one time thought enough was 64K,
But then programs so humongous headed his way.
Back then it would have caused him a fright,
To know we now need mucho gigabyte
To run programs on the computers we have today.

George

Fruhling Family Photos – 1961 - 12 years old

Who Dit Dit?

To dash off a ditty from history,
Will help you learn skills in wristery.
Over the air, when asked, "who dit dit?",
Immediately transmit the reply, "Dah dit dit!,
And solve the Morse Code Mystery!

Keyed up George

Bit by Bit

Da, I've been ditted to death!
Let's put dit-dit-dit, dah-dah-dah, dit-dit-dit to rest.
Bill Gates asked, " who is Morse?"
Apple Computers responds, "He is dead of course!"
"Who dit dit?" died (no reMorse).
It's now done ***bit***-by-***bit***, with a MSN fest!

Arthur

The Technician

There was a technician named Art.
With wires he was not too smart.
He'd connect the ground
To any wire he found
A shock was his only start!

Retired math prof Art is better at math,
Than he appears to be at wiring lights!
In his frustration he unleashed his wrath,
Now all said and done in the aftermath,
He is relieved to be over his plight!

Art

Important Fact on Wiring

After calling for help, me, your Bro,
And now learning to wire with ease,
There is something I want you to know,
That wiring is a ***terminal*** *disease.*

Bro George

Machinegun Kelly

A case of hiccups Machinegun Kelly once did experience,
During a holdup at a bank where the crowd was immense.
The bullets were haphazardly spread all around,
As the bank's patrons quickly hit the ground,
No one was hurt, but the situation was most intense.

George

The Inaccurate Shooter

A shooter was more than erratic.
His patterns were quite stochastic.
He'd fire a volley,
His aim was sure folly!
The spread was purely galactic.

Art

Word Coinage

In the twisting words, I Have found my niche,
And one meaning with another, I often switch.
But Mensa, you need not join
For your own phrase to coin,
Therefore, I define "optical" as an eye itch.

Love, Bro George

Optical Causicle

O, so sorry, you have an itch "optical".
Perhaps it's top-ical, dandruff diabolical!
Methinks a diagnosis dread
Arrives from itching the top of the head!
Optical itch caused by endangered follicle!
Get the "drift" causicle?

Love back from Bro Art

My Personal Propensity

My Dear Bro, I hope you find no offensity,
That I find word combinations in immensity.
By twisting language around,
In doing this, I have found,
My personal peculiar provocative propensity.

George

Camping and Enjoying Warm Fires

As kids, we spent many an evening by a Tuolumne Meadows campfire. As a result we have ***wonderful*** campfire and camping memories.

Fruhling Family Photos – Approximately 1958 – Tuolumne Meadows, Yosemite National Park

Bro, Arthur,

My Deep Desire

With all my heart I pray that one day we acquire
Enough time that you and I will sit by a winter fire,
Talking, laughing, crying, and in prayer,
For then our brotherly love we will share,
This is now and will always be my deep desire.

Bro George

Fruhling Family Photos – George and Arthur - Approximately 1961 or 1962 - Tuolumne Meadows, Yosemite National Park

It Snowed That Night as We Sat by the Campfire

It snowed that night as we sat by the fire.
Flames rose from crackling pine in a spire.
Gazing into the dancing flame - hypnotized,
My thoughts drifted, my body - tranquilized.
Scenes arose, my past retrieved.
Thoughts and deeds I again perceived.
Was I who I contrived to be?
The scenes caused more to see!
So quick, so short, the life retrieved!
Memories, were they real, or a matrix believed?
Reality's fantasy played hand in hand.
The mind enveloped in never-never land!
But I quickly shut emotions away,
Quickly - with some fear - I held them at bay!
It was good! Yes, though they not be real.
The choice to believe; my memories to feel.
The fire dimmed, but the flakes piled deep,
My soul in happy rest, peacefully asleep.
A cabin, some snow, a crackling fire,
From these emerge life's deepest desires!
To know! To Believe! To have been and to be!
To understand! To rest in His deepest peace.
To fall into slumber, to give up the fight.
Yes, I know as I slept, that all was alright!

Art

Sitting by the Fire on a Snowy Winter Night

Sitting by the fire on a snowy Winter Night,
All snuggled and warm in my rocking chair,
The shimmering snowflakes softly in flight,
Drifting down quietly, all fluffy and white,
And most contented was I that I was there.

That cold night, when winter finally came,
The chill and wind was not all it brought,
While staring intently into the fiery flame,
Tranquility and serenity I chose to claim,
As I drifted deeper and deeper in thought.

(Continued next page)

The snow drifted too, deep out on the ground,
On that frigid winter night late in December,
So Heavy the snowfall, deep was each mound,
The whipping whistling wind the only sound,
And mesmerized was I by each glowing ember.

Comforting was the warmth I felt all that night,
Then like the morning I arose with vitality anew,
Transformed deep within me a state so contrite,
My inner strength beaming now full of delight,
Interweaved with a peace henceforth will ensue.

George

My Wood Cutting Experience

Wood-cutting turned out to be a chore,
And quickly from me, my energy did drain,
So now, I am tired, spent, and very sore.
Wood jammed in the saw and broke it's chain,
So fire wood for next winter I still need more,
And trying to cut wood by hand has left me in pain.

Bro George

The Price of Winter Wood Fire

Live and learn we always say!
So to wood cutting – another day!
That lodge pole wood is nasty stuff!
PP's it's good for, but on saw chains –rough!
My sympathies – you being in pain and sore!
Next winter – think! You'll enjoy it more!

Love, Bro Art

PS: PP = Power Pole

Chain Saw Is Fixed

With my hands near raw,
A lesson to me this taught.
So right away, for the saw,
A new chain I quickly bought.
Now I'm in business, rah, rah, RAH,
And I hope the wood I cut is a LOT!

Bro George

Ah, to be Young Again

Ah, to be young and seriously hike,
Ropes required then drive a spike,
Gives one a feeling of pioneering,
While climbing and mountaineering,
Truly, there is nothing else of the like.

Proven methods one must obey,
For safety of others, always belay,
When climbing the Teton,
Your safety is rope and piton,
Always use them without delay.

Serious hikers carry an ice axe
In their already heavy packs,
While crossing the crevasse
Up near the mountain pass,
And has saved many broken backs.

Ah, there is nothing like hiking mile after mile,
From Devil's Postpile all the way to Mt. Lyell.
Over granite you will tramp on,
Over glaciers needing cramp-ons,
Of hiking, each requiring their own style.

George

Take Me Home

Parts of this world enchant and confound,
Surprises galore lie hidden all around,
Snakes do slither quietly along,
Mold's dank smell sickens our song.

O to be high in the clean Sierras,
To be nestled near a warm dry rock,
To feel the ice cold glacial stream,
Through my hot and sweaty wool sock.

O to smell the ocean's salt water,
That Pacific so cold and so blue,
Its waves and surf seem to cleanse me
On its sandy warm beach I renew.

And what is your wish dear friend?
Where is your heart this day?
Can your soul stay at peace amid the fray?
Can you laugh while sweat is your pay?

But take me where I must go,
Take me to places unknown.
I'll walk those dim trails of intrigue,
But I'll never forget my home!

Art

Pogo Stick Peter

Peter's Space Odyssey

Peter rode his pogo up to the 11th floor.
He pogo-ed off the roof, yelling "watch me soar".
The pogo stick compressed on impact with Peter holding tight,
Peter rebounded from the fall and flew clear out of sight.
The pedestrians ambling by could be heard to say:
"Look, there goes Peter, crashing through the Milky Way"!

Moral: Why keep NASA flying when a Pogo Stick will do?

Bro Art

Pogo Stick Peter and NASA

Pogo Stick Peter, eventually did go to work for NASA,
But being from the South, he called his boss "Massa".
"Massa" put propellant in his pogo,
Which upwards really made him go,
Every second into the wild blue yonder, fasta and fasta.

Bro George

Peter's Perpetual Pogo

With his pogo, Peter plopped off precarious points roun' town,
Peter was serious, but people thought he was trying to clown.
When asked why he didn't turn professional,
Peter reluctantly replied "I have a confessional",
"I'm the best, but using a pogo stick does have its ups and downs."

Everyone thought Po-Go Stick Peter had a s' s' stutter,
For when he talked his words seemed to fl' fl' flutter.
But then one day he stopped his vertical undulations,
And also ceased his all-over-the-place oscillations,
And then everyone could understand all he did utter.

Bro George

Pogo Pete's Very Odd Obsession

Pogo Pete, was hard to beat
When it came to being neat.
He'd even pogo around the house
Without noise, mess or pogo-sticking a mouse.
Eating ice cream I'll mention,
Was the apex of his obsession.
Not a mouthful was lost,
While in an oscillating motion he was tossed.
(I wonder how he ever went wee-wee,
Let alone pogo-ing himself while sleepy?)
The one trial poor Pogo endured,
Was to regularly stutter, his words often slurred.
Yes, Pogo Pete is an eyeful to beat!
One could say he is very oddly neat!

Bro Art

Pogo Stick Peter's Family

Bro Arthur, now just for our own fun,
Suppose Pogo Stick Peter had a son,
Other family members too,
Might come into poetic view,
Our Pogo Stick poems have just begun.

Bro George

Pogo Stick Peter's Family Continued

Thin twin Pogo brothers, Flynn and Quinn,
Invented Pogoes that ran on rocket fuel and gin.
With their jet-propelled pogo sticks in motion,
They eventually made their way across the ocean,
From Waikiki, Honolulu to Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

(continued next page)

A fabled fictional family of irrational rarity,
Consists of sisters, Fickle and Floozie Flairty.
Fickle doesn't always know what she wants,
And Floozie, for what she has, she flaunts,
An unmatched pair of most definite disparity.

Fickle and Floozie by an odd comparity,
Had brothers, Macro and Macho Flairty,
Macro ate a lot and ended up weighing a ton,
And Macho thought he was best under the Sun,
In relation to their sisters, an even odder parody.

Although the Flairtys are all odd, bar none,
They accept, and to each other do not shun.
Their family reunion is a circus ring,
For one never knows what it will bring,
But their family, more than most, has fun.

Pogo-stick Peter met Floozie Flairty,
A meeting of most unusual rarity,
On his two-person pogo,
Wherever he went, she'd go,
That way, they were always togetherty.

As they hopped in tandem all around,
Her lacy petty coats flew up and down.
Now I think I should mention,
This attracted some attention,
And they're being chased all over town.

They are being chased by the police, of course,
Some in cars, some on foot, and some on a horse.
Floozie is being chased by many men too,
As they all want their own chance to woo,
But they continued to pogo with no remorse.

(continued next page)

Wouldn't you know, just as fast as you could blink,
Their jumping around together got way out of sync,
At the same time she tried to go up, he went down,
And together they fell tumbling all over the ground,
And the police threw them immediately in the clink.

Surprisingly, Floozie and Peter eventually married,
And their pogo-ing helped produce the baby she carried,
Now do you suppose that their first offspring child,
Turned out to be meek and mild or uncontrollably wild?
I'll make sure I'll tell you before some day I am buried!

For a while, I hear that Floozie with Peter, played so coy,
But after all their ups and downs had a bouncing baby boy,
And when old enough to hang on tight,
The towns people thought it to be a sight,
To see Peter with his own pogo stick as they all jumped for joy.

Bro George

Banish Floozies Chasing Pogos!

Life has its ups and downs,
We need no pogo stick or Floozies around!
Why mount a pogo when around the world we go!
A pogo to ride? Egads, I prefer to be earth-bound!

Can you imagine Floozie chasing my pogo stick?
While the world turns; to watch would make one sick!
I just prefer no pogos nor Floozies!
You might say I’m just cautiously choosie!
A good gentle hike on the earth is my pick!

Bro Art

The Life and Death of Pogo Stick Peter

Peter thought his pogoing to all should please,
So now his jumps are short, not long,
Hopefully, to create for all his song,
Producing the most beautiful melodies,
By pogoing up and down on piano keys.

While pogoing up and down Peter began to sneeze,
And immediately after that, cough, gag, and wheeze.
His doctor said too fast his heart was beating,
And all these symptoms were caused by eating,
Old mushy crackers topped with moldy old cheese.

A nurse on duty the moment did seize,
And said she would heal him with ease.
Quickly to the window she did run,
And let in fresh air with warm Sun,
And he was healed as fast as the breeze.

Since Peter now had no reason to sneeze,
He thanked God at first while down on his knees.
Peter then prayed while pogo jumping all night,
Until he noticed something not quite right,
The window was open and he was starting to freeze.

Pogo Stick Peter then became so sick,
That for him, a casket they had to pick.
It must have seemed odd how they buried him that day,
For it was his own request it had to be done a certain way,
With Peter, was also buried his pogo stick.

Bro George

Work, Work, Work

How Faire Ye, Dear Bro? (recite using a brogue)

How fair ye, this day, me Bro?
Ye rarin'a'be ta' go?
Do ye rise to a beat?
A'dance in'er feet?
Nay a'fearin' a'deevil's woe?

Be brave in'a fight, dear Bro.
Gee a'bit a'rarin' ta' go!
Dig'in wit' yer feet!
Missin' narry'a beat!
Y'er victory's a'boot ta' show!

Bro Art

Busy is the Workflow at Hand

Dear Bro, in you I must confide,
Our project has grown so wide.
My head is in a whirl,
And tossed in a twirl,
I am afraid my mind has died.

In my work I take such pride,
I chose to let no more slide.
I now work at a productive pace,
By the time equipment is in place,
I know I will be in good stride.

Busy is the workflow at hand
Making it hard for me to write,
I work from sunup until night,
As much work for me is at hand,
Proving this to now be my plight.

George

The Work Alternative

EGAD, what can I say?
Work, work, work yet another day!
Toil, toil, toil, drudgery's fate!
Plod, plod, plod until the day is late!

Options, are there any?
Some say to retire early!
Work is the devil, toil the blame!
Work, work, work – is it a shame?

Nay I say! Don't be the fool!
Plod, work, toil – the given tool!
For when all is said and also done,
It's the work, work, work that was our fun!

So be in cheer, work without fear!
No promise was made to just sit there!
No alternative but toil – except we die.
To stop this plod – is to say bye-bye!

Love, Bro Art

A Math Professor from Yuba City

A math professor from Yuba City,
Was known to be hard and gritty.
Those, who thought they could cram
For his tough comprehensive exam,
Flunked without his sympathy or pity.

This math professor from Yuba City,
However, was known to be a bit witty.
For extra credit he gave,
For those, his jokes did rave,
So they would stay in school and not quitty.

Bro George

The Demon Final

Proctoring finals I am.
Student brains scrambled like jam.
Tension abounds, tears emerge,
Breaking points flare, insanity lurks!
Hear erasers, sighs, thoughts and cries.
Miraculous it seems, nobody dies.
Regrets? What ifs? Late it is!
Good intentions wane and fizz.
Reducing life's soul to a cold percent.
That outcome feared, surely demon sent.
Why? They ask. Why the test?
Human worth seems less and less!
Diversity cancelled by a score.
Why must grades be the door?
The FINAL! O test de-testable!
Rendering heart's-worth inconsequential.
But I am who I am, I'm not the test!
My worth shines through this ugly test-fest.
Just one more page and I'll be done.
O yes, O yes, and how I'll run.

Bro Art

The **Demon Final** was written while proctoring an Intermediate Algebra final.

My Prerequisite for being an Electrical Engineer

When young, I played with my Erector Set with glee.
Year after year, throughout my entire childhood,
Building lots of things, mostly, only I understood.
Nevertheless, in my future it was only this I could see,
So an Erectrical Engineer is what I always strived to be.

Ha Ha Ha. Bro George

A King's Lesson

A certain King told his son to learn to design and build.
So, "Son of King" in obedience did learn as father willed.
He drew, calculated, attached, and designed until Father King said,
"It's time.
Now you must erect for me the perfect Poetic Rhyme".
Son of King, being quite confused exclaimed in angry frustration,
"Father King, you said for me to be a builder in our nation.
How can I use what I have learned to express in poetic rhyme?
How does one build a poem instead of cities fine?"
Father King just laughed a hearty laugh and exclaimed without hesitation:
"From the heart you create, whether building or rhyming.
Your learned skill has taught you well.
Your words to me are priceless, but the buildings I will sell".

Love Bro Art

Just a Little Tired

With working long hours I am weak and weary,
Without having enough rest my days are dreary,
I often wake with my eyes bloodshot and bleary.

I am fatigued, exhausted, tired, and drained,
My seemingly to be wide awake is feigned,
And my get up and go has slowly waned.

Now worn-out, worn-down, spent and effete,
My energy near depletion I am totally beat,
I feel and fear I am near and closer to defeat.

I am so sleepy I can hardly stand on my feet,
I look so pale my skin is as white as a sheet,
And my head on a pillow on the bed I will greet.

Although I am frighteningly feeble and feeling forlorn,
With wobbly legs, washed-up and completely worn,
I'll be better somehow with some sound sleep by morn.

George

Being Responsible

Being responsible is good, it's said,
But beware of abuse before you're dead.
Doing another's bidding is detrimental – causing hair thinning.
Too much "nose to the grindstone" is not a cause winning.
But follow the adage: "Choose how you live is choosing how you'll die".
Following your gut is not always the best.
Instead, search your heart for a most peaceful rest.
So be careful dear bro that your body's not worn.
Give yourself some margins to weather each day's storm.
One way to improve and that's been shown,
Write a rhyme (or even two). Express yourself through poem!

"I" feel better already!!! Love Bro Art

Haven't heard from Brother George in a while. Looks like his project is keeping him plenty busy!

Bro George!

Realizing you said you were busy,
A new project keeping you quite dizzy,
Is no excuse to not e-mail one short update,
Even though you are working quite late,
Your inventive limericks I do miss-y.

Love, Bro Art

EgadBroG

Egad, BroG, whraybin?
Urpoem'sagone
nI'mshagrn.
Btifyacantjsrdthslyn.
Jussenmeapoem
nI'lbejusfyn.

BroArt

My Project

I'm engineering a Plant Project I profess,
And my programs must control the process.
For efficiency it must be concise,
And the controls must be precise,
As the plan is to upgrade and have progress.

All possible existing problems I must alleviate,
Or plenty unwanted byproducts will reverberate.
I plan to persistently place my mind in gear,
Be prepared, professional, and to persevere,
And be methodical, consistent, and CONCENTRATE.

Bro George

Another Iditarod Site

Bro George, your factory needs an Alaskan site.
They'd learn to work in the long winter's night.
Working there, you'd see the Iditarod Dogsled race.
Pan for gold, drink hooch, and enjoy the slow pace.
To Fairbanks, Alaska or Nome you might go.
You'd enjoy the Aurora Borealis show.
Your factory's machines would not overheat.
The employees would jump around on their feet.
But is there a market for Beer in cold winter?
Ask a sourdough, or perhaps a moose to consider!
If you're bored on the job you can mush to the pole!
Watch the Borealis dance or a polar bear show!
No penguins are there way up at the pole!
You'll find them far off in the Antarctic snow.
So George, I expect next year you'll be,
Mushing to Alaska, the Iditarod you'll see.

Bro Art

A Day's Work

We toil each day making the best of our day.
Our time is brief if we look to the past.
Our time is forever when dreaming our dreams.
But the future without history is work without pay.
The success of our toil by history is cast.

Art

HOORAY!

I've run my legs off every day,
Now it's Friday and time to play,
With a three day weekend finally here,
I'll do something fun, don't you fear,
Hooray, Hooray, Hooray, HOORAY!!!!!

George

TGIF TUNE

TGIF, so the saying goes.
But Sat & Sun bring their own woes.
Honey-do's and projects galore.
Strangers knocking at your door.
Please, dear Lord, not another chore!
Then Monday's pallor arrives too soon.
Four days waiting for that TGIF tune!

Art

Daily Rest

Now it's time to say Adieu!
The end of the day,
So ends the fray.
Sleep welcomes both me and you.
Stress in our lives,
We set aside,
Sleeping soundly the whole night through!

Art

Fruhling's Poetic Content Rating Chart

Arthur,

*What do you think about helping me create a **Poetry Rating Chart**? I have observed several poetry contests, and it appears to me that winners are chosen by the meaning within their poem above all else, ignoring good poetic content of the poem. Anyway, at least, what do you think of this idea?*

I am more interested in methods of measuring poetic content of a poem than right now thoroughly understanding each of the terms. I'm SURE you can immediately be of assistance in the method I am proposing!!

Love, Bro George

Fruhling's Poetry Rating Chart (PRC)

NOW you're getting serious!
WOW! I'll need some time to digest this!
Be patient with me, dear Bro.
For I am at evaluation quite slow.
It appears that I must learn,
Technical poetry terms,
And to-boot produce excellent rhymes that flow!

Bro Art

Expansion of Our PRC Rating Chart

Dear Bro, our PRC has increased from 33 to 34,
And still, I do not know if there will be more.
Dear Bro, yes, you, Art,
Have finished your part,
It will be exciting for us to see what is in-store.

Even at this early and premature date,
I'm so enthused , I can hardly wait,
The possibilities are truly exciting,
And the expected results, inviting,
For us, I believe this is more than fate.

George

Fruhling's PRC

Dear Bro, of dubious poetic inciting,
I've printed Fruhling's PRC criterion finding.
So to peruse the sent chart
I will thus do my humble part!
To sincerely evaluate I'll be minding.

So be patient Dearest Bro with yours truly,
It seems a bit unruly.
This list of 34
Is exhaustingly a bore.
Is it not a slight bit "mulie?"

Bro Art

Fruhling's PRC: A Historic Poetic Jewel

My dearest Bro, with whom I'm in a poetry duel,
I'm not worried about our PRC being like a mule.
From my heart, I ask for your help,
And not to hear you whine and yelp,
For together we can create a historic poetic jewel.

George

PRC: Our Vision-Quest

A DUEL you say? Of what origin?
Stressed I was and missed the challenge!
Exactly what IS the help you need?
Please excuse my whine and feeling treed!
Foreseen the PRC, a jewel of Poetic Balance?
What say you dear Bro! Let's create without malice.
A poetic jewel with beauty and solace.
Aaaah, it begins to churn my heart!
Yes, a vision-quest most dear to Art.
I'll give it a go, yes I will crow!
If not for posterity, but certainly for Bro.
To GO!

LOVE, Bro Art

Fruhling's Poetic Content Rating Chart

Scoring Points

0 = Does not contain this part of poetry

1 = Contains this part of poetry (below average quality/quantity)
2 = Contains this part of poetry (at, or near average quality/quantity)
3 = Contains this part of poetry (above average quality/quantity)

Totalizing Points

1. The higher the score, the greater the poetic content in the poem.
2. A high score does not necessarily mean the poem is a good poem. How well a poem is liked, is determined by each individual reader.
3. A low score does not necessarily mean a poem is bad if the meaning (or entertainment value) is great enough to overcome the lack of poetic content. Again, how well a poem is liked, is determined by each individual reader.
4. Use this to analyze your own poems.

Item #	Part of Poetry	Description	Points 0–3
1	Alliteration	Repetitive consonant sounds at the beginning of words.	
2	Analogy	A likeness in one or more ways between unlike things	
3	Anapestic Verse	A metrical foot of 3 syllables, the first two are unaccented, the last is accented (in the WARMTH)	
4	Assonance	Repetitive similar vowel sounds on the same line.	
5	Ballad	A narrative poem written in four-line stanzas. (tells a brief story)	
6	Conflict	Struggle and/or Plot	
7	Couplet	A poem with two lines per stanza	
8	Dactylic Verse	A metrical foot of 3 syllables, the first is accented, the next two are unaccented (BUT-er-fly)	
9	Dirge	Verse of a song of lamentation (also a slow mournful piece of music)	
10	Double Entendre	A word or expression capable of two interpretations (Sometimes risqué).	
11	Epic	A long narrative poem, dealing with heroic events.	
12	Free Verse	Poetry without a regular pattern of meter or rhyme.	
13	Hexameter	A line of verse containing six metrical feet	
14	Iambic Verse	A metrical foot of one unaccented syllable followed by one accented syllable (be-FORE)	
15	Imagery	Language that evokes one or all of the five senses (seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, touching)	
16	Imagism	The expression of ideas and emotions through clear precise images	
17	Irony	An implied discrepancy between what is said and what is meant.	
18	Limerick	A light or humorous poem of 5 lines per stanza (Typically with a rhyming scheme of AABBA)	

19	Lyric	A poem expressing feeling (often suitable for singing).	
20	Meaning	The implication of a hidden significance, connotation, denotation.	
21	Metaphor	A comparison of two unlike things using the verb "to be" and not using “like” or “as”, as in a simile.	
22	Meter	The measured pattern of rhythmic accents in poems.	
23	Ode	A lyric poem expressing a noble feeling with varied overall structure (length, meter, etc.).	
24	Onomatopoeia	Words imitating the sounds they describe, such as ***crash*** and ***bang***.	
25	Paradox	Reveals some kind of truth with a humorous, but sometimes sarcastic, point of view.	
26	Pentameter	A line of verse containing five metrical feet	
27	Personify (Personification)	The poet describes an animal, object, or idea, as if it were a person.	
28	Poetic Justice	An outcome in which vice is punished and virtue is rewarded in a manner peculiarly or ironically appropriate.	
29	Pun	The humorous use of a word in a way that suggests two or more interpretations	
30	Quatrain	A poem with four lines per stanza.	
31	Readability	The easy in which a poem is read silently.	
32	Read Aloud	How a poem sounds when read aloud.	
33	Refrain	A phrase or verse recurring regularly	
34	Rhyme	The matching of the ending vowel or consonant sounds.	
35	Rhyming Scheme	A composition in verse, whereby the end sounds of poetry lines have a scheme or pattern.	
36	Satire	A literary work that makes fun of human misconduct.	
37	Simile	The comparison of two unlike things using ***like*** or ***as***	
38	Sonnet	A lyric of fourteen iambic five-foot lines, with a defined and definite rhyme scheme.	
39	Stanza	A group of lines forming a division of a poem	
40	Strophe	A division in a poem	
41	Title	The title of the poem should be catchy to the reader.	
42	Triplet	A stanza of 3 lines of verse	
43	Tetrameter	A line of verse containing four metrical feet	
44	Trochaic Verse	A metrical foot of one accented syllable followed by one unaccented syllable (AF-ter)	
45	Verse	A line of poetry, a poem or poetry. A Stanza, or any metrical writing.	
46	Elision	The omission of an unstressed vowel or syllable in a verse to achieve a uniform rhythm	
47	Madrigal	A short lyrical poem in a strict poetic form	
48			
49			
50			
		Total Points	

Arthur's Poetic Art

Dedication of Arthur's Section

I Dedicate my poem book to L.I.F.E. ……

L = My wife Martha, whom I have loved and will always **L**OVE

I = My adopted daughter Amelie, who has a pure **I**NNOCENCE

F= To a pure heart of **F**ORGIVENESS, through which bubbles healing and life

E = To the promise of **E**TERNAL life with Him

Note: For the reader's enjoyment, a few poems have been duplicated due to our feeling that they fit in more than one place as an expression of our own various personal experiences.

Acknowledgements and Introduction

Introductory Comments

My Brother George deserves the blame.
In no way was I destined for poetic fame.
My punctuation is random,
My spelling pure bedlam,
To me words mean almost the same.

So read on, dear reader, take heed!
It's your choice to endure the read.
Through agony you'll wade;
All smiles will fade.
On poetic drivel you'll feed.

You're a fool to continue, yes sir!
An insult's pure joy you'll demur.
My poetic lines endangered in time.
Such poetic verse belongs in a hearse!
Of contorted thought there's no worse.
Take a pill and call the nurse.
But please, don't stop here, ingest (gulp) the rhyme!
Much thanks for being so kind! ☺

Limericks

Limericks are fun for beginning poets and are easy to create. They have the rhyme pattern AABBA. The next time you are in an infinite queue or just plain bored with your cell phone create a Limerick. For example: *While standing in a queue/ I spied a bone to chew/ How icky is that/ But, hey, I'm a rat/ In the queue are now 1 less than 2!*

OK.. so that's slightly lame, I admit. Don't get the big head if you write one of these "gems."

But certainly, there is no crime in being silly, or just a little witty. Go for it!

Sad, but true, all the following limericks were authored by you know who.

Van Gogh rows to a séance.

In a boat Van Gogh was rowing
To a séance he was "goghing"
Peering into the watery sea
He thought, come-see! Look, that's me!
Alas, Van Gogh, to the séance , stopped rowing.

Prophetic Deception

The prophet spoke, "Hear ye."
The warning was clear, "Fear me."
The insidious fool,
Put Freud to school.
But the Socialists listened, dear me!

He Said, She Said

The point was well taken
He said, “She said “I was shaken.”
Words flew like gossip.
The truth was a tossup.
She said, “He said, “you need a spankin’.””

The Shortest Greek Limerick

Beta
Zeta
Phi
Psi
Theta

The 3 R’s

The 3 r’s were readin’, ritin’, and ‘rithmetic.
This was before education was a wreck.
But counselors, administrators, and the NEA
Manipulated and controlled education – until today,
Correctness, counselors, and condoms (the 3 c’s) suffice for an advanced degree.

Elongation

Elongation pursues his wish.
To be stretched to him is pure bliss.
I loved to be pulled and tugged, says he.
In my dreams molecular worms I see.
An eel is his favorite dish.

A Mouse, While Munching Sharp Cheddar

A mouse, while munching sharp cheddar,
Decided she liked Swiss Cheese better.
In the frig the next morn,
Round and cold was found,
No cheese, one she-mouse and a letter.

The letter said…..

I like your cheese just fine.
The holes in the Swiss were divine.
I was getting quite hot,
So turned the temp down a spot.
And now I'm drinking your wine.

The Wonder of His Love

I've often thought similarly,
How God must cry so mercifully.
His love is so great,
Yet such nightmares we make
His love covers all sin completely!

Focus

O Lord, help me live this day,
Helping those that go astray.
To care, to love, to share and give.
To do His will; to rightly live.
Sharing His grace and truth, I pray.

Cell Phone Blues

Mary Jane on her cell phone she read,
While chatting aloud in her bed.
The text message she received,
Said "your Mom is soo… peeved.
Get to sleep or your cell phone is dead!"

The Lady from York

There once was a lady from York,
Who fancied herself a stork.
She'd flap in the breeze,
Squawking loud as you please,
"I hatched the Duke of York."

A Trumpeter Named "The Lip"

A trumpeter named "the Lip"
Could toot an amazing trip.
He'd sing a quick line,
Then toot for a time.
Keeley Smith was this showman's "right hip."

Limerick Writing

Limericks go: A-A-B-B-A
A five-line stanza making your day.
Just begin at the A-line.
No doubt you will B-fine.
On your mark, get set, don't delay!

3D Strife

There was an engineer named Smyth,
Who 3D-copied his wife.
When asked, “How many?”
He thought, “Three would be plenty.”
The outcome: 4-fold strife.

At the Dentist

There once was a dentist named Vic,
Who was quite adept at the pick.
He’d clean your teeth proper,
While telling a WHOPPER,
And laugh as you choked on your spit!

Having Twins

There once was a mother named Sue,
Who birthed not one but TWO.
Said her of her labor,
It was twice the pleasure,
But painful in the TU-Tu!

The Forgetful Prof

There once was a prof named Emery,
Who unfortunately had no memory.
He’d grasp for a beta,
But was it a zeta?
Tenure secure, he guessed theta.

The Hungry snake

There once was a snake named Louie,
Who was quite fond of chop suey.
He'd hiss for his tea,
Use chop-sticks with glee,
And fang his fortune cookie.

The Well-Fed Vulture

There once was a vulture named Fred.
What he ate was usually quite dead.
He'd swoop down to chew,
An ungodly menu,
And belch when sufficiently fed.

The Complaining Farmer

There once was a farmer named Curt,
Who loved to work in the dirt.
He'd eat lots of chow,
Then go out and plow,
And complain of all the work!

The Barking Dog

The dog barked not once but twice.
The noise he made was not nice.
I covered my ears,
And cried painful tears.
Having no sympathy, he barked thrice.

Patty Pixel

A young lady of techie fame
Patty Pixel was her name.
Her love letters in code
By the millions were sold,
But (alas) passion never came!

The Birth of the Blues

In N 'Orleans the blues were born.
Satchmo sang and tooted his horn.
Count Basie came alive
While "diggin' that jive,"
At 2 am in the morn'.

The Musical Frog

A frog croaked a pretty tune
While tooting his old bassoon.
A hunter with spear
Crept silently near,
Dropped his spear and began to swoon.

Sleep Depravation

In N'Orleans they do say
People play nights and sleep by day.
To work without rest
Is disgraceful at best.
But who works (at all) anyway!

Light Faire

The Mathematical Genius

A Mathematics genius named Fred,
Quoted ten-place roots in his head.
He'd prove Fermat's last theorem,
Amidst explosive distempering delirium,
Whilst strapped to the asylum bed.
Poor Fred!!!

PS…… Please feel sorry for Fred. After all, he was A.D.D. in grade school, then was identified as Gifted and Mentally Talented at age 9. Thus Fred felt that he did not need to prove himself, do his homework, or be a socially acceptable youth. He found solace in proving abstract mathematical theorems (and also writing computer programs) and was quickly identified as a mental freak. After being taken off his A.D.D. meds, he became uncontrollably bipolar as well as experiencing dissociation. He contemplated running for state governor and even US president and in one of his low bipolar swings decided on being a mathematician instead. To this day he claims it was not his fault. Fred often screams after QED-ing an abstract algebra theorem on sub-numerical morphology, "I LOVE TO PROJECT!" Poor Fred!!!

Real Shakespeare!

Roamy was razor thin,
And Julie was quite round.
Poor Roamy dated Julie
To the Ritz downtown.

While Julie ate everything in sight,
Roamy did naught but fret.
Can you imagine……
What Roamy owed and Julie "et"?

On Being Educated

Watchamacallit and thigamajig,
Ain't to be found in no dictionary!

Proper is as Proper does.
But I ain't Proper! Just Cuz!

So like it or not I ain't no snot!
My word is plain. My name is Jane.

My nose she points not to the skies.
So… Watchamacallits and Thigamajigs
I recites!

A Women's Logic

"Things are not what they seem," said he.
"You seem so sweet and kind," said she.
"Your wrong," said he. " I'm a difficult fellow."
"But," said she, "you seem so nice and mellow."
"Your wrong," said he to she, "I'm the most nasty fellow there ever could be".

Said she, "I think I don't like the person you say. "
Said he, "I think you're seeing me all the wrong way."
"But," said she, "I'll try to decide."
Said he," you don't see the person inside."
"Your wrong," said she to he. "Your transparently nasty and you make my day. "

Monday Morn’

The dog woofed & woke the morn’.
Incessantly he cried and warned.
What was I to say or do?
Hastily I prepared King-foo.
Defenses set, my senses adorned.

The dog in silence whined a tune.
Confused, I wielded my old bassoon.
Prepared was I to meet the test.
No foe would I not lay to rest.
When walked the culprit into the room.

She was light and quietly agile.
Her stealth rendered her appearance fragile.
But make no bones!
She commanded with tones!
Her “meow” pierced the air magical.

T’was the dratted cat Unmerciful.
She belonged to my neighbor Purceval.
I wanted to trick and frame her!
To instantly maim and tame her!
Then Purceval’s Unmerciful howled detestable!

The dog streaked for his foe.
Unmerciful ran for the door.
The dratted cat deserved the Strike!
The dog and I were awakened in fright!
Unmercifully, Unmerciful was pinned to the floor.

(continued next page)

The dog bit with angry jaw power,
The cat's true person unlike a flower.
Unmerciful howled a guttural tune.
The dog felt his nose in ruin.
I grabbed Unmerciful's tail in a cower.

The angry din woke Purceval.
He entered to save dear Unmerciful.
The cat in a fury blind,
Bit Purceval in the behind.
While the dog ripped my leg detestable.

O how we danced that morn'.
We should have popped some corn!
Unmerciful's tail went numb.
The dog griping my leg was not fun.
And Purceval's rear was quite sore!

When all was said and done.
We sheepishly chuckled in fun.
Our wounds were not great.
We then laughed at our fate.
What a great start to Monday morn'!

True Passion

I said, "Please close the door."
To my surprise, I hit the floor.
My head was a'reeling,
My skin was a'peeling.
I implored, "Please, no more!"

(continued next page)

She said," Get up you bum.
With you, I ain't done.
I'm mad has a hen,
And I won't count to ten.
I dare you to say, 'Now hun.' "

Well I scurried for the door.
I yelled, "I want no more."
But the door was closed,
And I smashed my nose.
Falling back, I crashed to the floor.

She said, "You clumsy galoot.
You tripped over your own ugly foot."
I stood up feeling amorous,
My heart beat quiet clamorous.
She ran, looking surprised, to-boot.

I rose to the occasion, I did.
All doubt and fear was rid.
I grabbed her firm,
She in no way did squirm.
And the pot boiled over with no lid!

Exploring Poetic Styles

Bro George introduced me to poetic styles, such as with Limericks that have the style form AABBA. So I tried my hand at different styles. Here they are.

A B A B Lips that lie.
Lips that curse.
Soon to die.
Lost in a hearse.

(continued next page)

A B B A Faces aglow with a smiling look.
Lips turned up with song.
Mouths that softly admit to wrong.
These live in history's book.

A A B B A A trumpeter named "The Lip,"
Could toot an amazing trip.
He'd sing a quick line.
Then toot for a time.
Keeley Smith was this showman's "right hip."

A B B A B A singer named Keeley Smith,
Had a boss that tooted and sang.
An Italian Stallion of considerable fame.
His act became a night club myth.
Do you wonder as to his name?

A A B A B The eye of the storm was upon us.
So calm rain fell with quietness.
But a short hour from now,
The wind unleashed a great fuss.
And the storm's command was "bow."

AABCCB A four-legged beast stood abreast!
Blocking advancement - what a complete pest!
This beast was a considerably large sow.
Its length spanned from east to west.
Its width was too much to test.
Perhaps the size of ten cows.

(Continued next page)

ABABCC All lay quiet with not a sound.
Meade cups empty that frigid night.
The stars faded – no light was found.
The soldiers unaware of impending plight.
Destruction's evil soon struck hard.
Death came swiftly to all the guard.

ABABCCB Bitte, Bitte, Hi-Ho Hitler!
Your troupes did march in vain.
You fool! You most evil leader!
Death and Destruction be your name!
An Arian race your ego-manic goal.
The death of a race you did extol.
Dear God, help man not repeat such fame.

ABABCCCB Doubting Thomas was he.
His mind a steel trap.
Proud of his place in society.
Crusader against loose subjective flap.
His life's desire - to set the record straight.
His goal - to seal the positive thinker's fate.
His secret wish - in all debate declare "checkmate."
His mind imprisoned in an ego-centric trap.

Note: I did not attempt ABABCCCDD or ABBAACCA patterns!!

The Fly

Irrational behavior at best.
Erratic movement a test.
How I chased and groped;
How I jumped and sloped.
Such movement – no place to rest!

You dratted beast, you devil!
Be still! It's you I'll level!
You'll be no more!
O how you I abhor!
Your conquest – a dream unraveled!

O how I oft wonder,
Is this life a similar ponder?
Do we rush to our grave?
Do we ply rivers that rage?
Our goal – unattainably somber!

What is your fly you chase?
Is it money, envy, or rage?
Do you succumb to the fly?
Do you give in to his lie?
No time to turn the page?

O never mind this query!
I'm in too much a grand hurry!
To kill this beast;
To flatten this yeast!
This fly – with delight I'll bury!

Little Johnny Jump Up

Little Johnny Jump Up, jumped up once too often.
He hit his head on the roof and fell to the ground unsoftened.
He lay in pain while time passed by until his Mother noticed
He wasn't yelling, screaming, and being A.D.D. unfocused.
She thought, that isn't bad, the quite of this day.
My son seems painlessly asleep, I'll just leave him this way.
She hummed a tune and pranced about oblivious to the fact,
That Little Johnny Jump Up was A.D.D. intact.
He soon was bursting forth with energy unbounded,
Until a frying pan atop his head was soundly mounted.
Never fear, this abuse was sadly not to last,
For Little Johnny Jump up was streaking all too fast.
The moral of this story is (as you will soon find out),
That frying pans Do cook eggs, but lack sufficient clout!

Bo's Dream

"You stay away from dat bayou, ya' hear!
Don't you even think to go down there!
Dey's moccasins an' 'gators, snappin' turtles, too.
Hear me, Bo, you ain't no bayou food."

Jeez, Mom, why not? Dat bayou's fun.
Dem critters you say don't scare me none.
I'm a big boy now, near twelf, ya' know.
I'm muscles an' strong. I'm hankerin' to go.

"Bo, you plumb crazy. Dey eat you alive.
I ain't losin' you. Don't feed me dat jive.
Y'all stay right put or I'll thrash you good.
A boy your age needs to do what he should."

But Mom, I'm big now jus' like my Pa.
He fishes and shoots an' obeys the law.
Me an' him fished an' catched turtles down there.
We even rigged a 'gator snare.

An' I can do anythin' Pa can do.
I can fish and shoot and cook 'gator stew.
If a snappin' turtle snaps at my toe,
He'll be turtle soup real quick ya' know.

"Mister Bo, get to bed now. No fuss.
Wash your face an' clean your muss.
Your Ma's plumb tuckered and fretted to bone.
You go straight to bed an' don't leave this home."

Sleep tight, Ma. I'll be fine ya' hear.
Don't worry none, I'll be right near.
Y'all bed down now an' I'll lock us up tight.
I hope she don't snore, that noise is a fright.

(continued next page)

Ma's snorin' kept me from getting' some sleep.
She was sleepin' real hard, an' I made not a peep.
I slipped out the door with my waders and knife.
I was sneakin' away to that bayou at night.

Ma need not to worry at all.
I'm near full grown an' gittin' tall.
I'll be back 'for she knows that I'm sneakin' away.
I'll catch her a fish or somethin' good b'fore day.

I slipped down to that bayou without a sound.
Dem night noises came from all around.
I listened right still, not movin' off shore.
I'd never heard dem night sounds before.

Bein' a man, I deep-waded real calm.
I slipped on somethin' that grabbed my arm.
I felt no fear as I went plum under.
My Pa would save me. He's a wonder!

In a moment of time I was swallowed up full.
Dat 'gator, the big one, had eaten me whole.
Bein' a man I wasn't the least bit up tight.
But it was real scary an' dark inside.

My mind worked with lightnin' speed.
I had to act quick or be 'gator feed.
So I did what my thinkin' told me to do.
I knew he'd free me when I was through.

I tickled his ribs from side to side.
That 'gator commenced to wiggle an' slide.
He flopped and bounced with me inside.
That gator trip was quite a ride.

(continued next page)

It wasn't long 'fore that gator gave in
He coughed me out like a bowlin' pin.
He plastered me good up against a tree.
My head hurt bad but I was free.

Then to my delight he coughed up a ball.
Next a big ol' catfish hit my jaw.
That 'gator swum fast to leave me be.
He skedaddled away bein' scared of me.

I trotted on back home to see my Ma,
Bein' tuckered and havin' a sore jaw.'
Ma cooked up some cat fish stew.
Why I wasn't hungered Ma never knew.

Ma asked, " where you been today Bo?"
I stammered and spoke soft and low.
"Y'all didn't sneak off to dat bajou son?
Dat 'gator will eat you alive for fun."

Don't you worry none, I told my Ma.
I'm muscled and strong, just like my Pa.
Dat 'gator don't stand no chance against me.
Y'all can sleep good 'cause he'll leave me be.

An' I can do anythin' Pa can do.
I can fish an' shoot and cook 'gator stew.
If dat snappin' turtle snaps at my toe,
I'll cook him up for dinner, ya' know!

Dat night Ma slept sound an' snored real good.
I dreamed of almost bein' gator food.
I woke with a start it was midnight for sure.
I strapped on my knife an' snuck out of there.

(continued next page)

Bein' free and actin' just like my Pa.
I waded waist high holdin' my knife in my jaw.
That 'gator was long gone nowhere to be seen.
I was brave an' strong like Pa had been.

I knew I was safe from most bayou harm.
Dem critters would surely sound the alarm.
Why I hadn't seen that snake I'm not for sure.
I never had time to 'scape his lure.

He was the biggest moccasin I'd ever seen.
Over six feet long and his fangs was mean.
He wrapped me up faster than I could see.
I could see his fangs itchin' to sink inta' me.

My eyes got huge an' I wiggled ta' git loose
His fangs was drippin' with poison ooze
He was squeezin' my muscles, I was hurtin' bad
I had to think quick or Ma'd sure be sad.

My brain spun with lightnin' speed
Wasn't long and I'd sure be freed.
I tickled that snake with my free hand
He loosened his coil an' I fell in the sand.

I'd never seen a snake a'laughin' before.
He was flippin' and bouncin' 'till he was sore.
I skeedaddled on home happy as could be.
That snake would never again touch me.

"Bo, you,ve been down to dat bayou for sure.
Don't you dare go down to that swamp no more.
Dat 'gator will eat you plum alive.
Don't y'all give me any more of your jive."

(continued next page)

"They's moccasin and snappin' turtles too.
Them turtles will chomp right on to you.
Mr. Moccosin's fangs will poison you good.
You stay right put and do what you should."

But Ma, I'm nearly twelf, an' big an' tall.
I'm muscled and strong just like my Pa.
Dem critters don't heed me no good mind.
I can outsmart Mr. Moccosin most any time.

When dat snake coils hisself around me.
I'll just tickle him good so I'll wiggle free.
"Bo, don't you give me more of your lip.
I'll send you ta' bed without one sip."

An' I can do anythin' Pa can do.
I can fish an' shoot and cook rattlesnake stew.
If a snappin' turtle snaps down on my toe.
He'll be turtle soup real fast, ya' know.

That night Ma slept the best I know.
Her snorin' was louder than a rooster's crow.
My waders an' knife were ready to go.
I snuck out to that bayou creepin' down low.

I waded chest-high jus' like my Pa.
My chin held high, my knife in my jaw.
I was king of the bayou that's fur certain
If dat turtle come near he'd be a'hurtin'.

Where dat turtle come from I never knew.
I'd climbed to a rock for a better view.
Dat rock began to wiggle and move.
Then all of a sudden it bit my shoe.

(continued next page)

He snapped me good and it hurt sumpin' fierce.
I yelled loud but the pain jus' got worse.
He was pullin' me under in a hungry mood.
I had to think quick or be turtle food.

He was headed for his cave below.
My head went under with me in tow.
He was takin' me home for dinner to eat.
I was so scared I felt my heart beat!

My mind flashed with lightnin' speed.
I knew what I'd do before I was feed.
I tickled that turtle on his soft little belly.
He commenced to giggle and wiggle like jelly.

I'd never seen a turtle laugh before.
But I wasn't stickin' round to see more.
I skeedaddled plumb out of that watery slough.
I ran lickity-split home to eat Ma's stew.

"Bo, where you've been, your hair's a muss.
Ya' look white as a sheet, what's all the fuss?
I've made delicious turtle soup for you to eat.
Sit at this table. Y'all want some turtle meat?"

I didn't hanker to eat that stew.
It wasn't long 'fore I was through.
I was plumb tired and hankerin' for sleep.
I went to my bed without one peep.

Early morning…
I woke with a jolt, my Pa shakin' me good.
"Wake up, Bo, Ma's fixed breakfast food."
I'd slept all the night and woke in a haze.
I dressed for school but felt in a daze.

(continued next page)

"Bo, did you know you dreamt all night?
You were muttering and yelling, it was a fright.
You were dreaming about that bayou for sure.
Bo, don't you go down there alone, you hear!"

"Mister Bo, get to school now, no fuss.
Wash your face and pick up your muss.
Your Ma's plum tuckered and fretted to bone.
When you finish your school you come right home."

But Mom, I'm big now jus' like Pa.
He fishes and shoots an' obeys the law.
Me an' him fished an' catched turtles down there.
We even rigged an alligator snare.

"Bo, your plum crazy, they'll eat you alive.
I'm not losing you, don't feed me that jive.
Y'all stay out of that bayou or I'll thrash you good.
A boy your age better do what he should."

But Mom…
I can do anythin' Pa can do.
I can fish and shoot and cook 'gator stew.
If a snappin' turtle snaps at my toe,
He'll be turtle soup real quick ya' know.

The Human Condition

Fruhling Family Photos – October 7, 1909

Pictures in a Box

A family, a dream, a picture yet to be.
Only in God's plan, soon for all to see!
Dreams – fiction of the mind – succumbed to life's living.
A family: Dad, Mom, Children – a non-fictional reading.
Oh how laughs were laughed, how tears were cried.
The joy, the pain, some dreams lived, others died.

(Continued next page)

Too quickly the family receded, children to life were lent.
Mom and Dad, left to their dreams; confused, alone, and spent.
Those golden years, a hoped for peace. Quiet times so dear.
The children's siblings gathered around often bringing a tear.
Laughter, tired rest, memories seemed to ebb and flow.
A lifetime of days dissolved into dust under cold silent snow.

Faded pictures in a box. No names to identify the dead.
Faces, some young, some grown, some old smiled and said:
We live in a darkened box, but, yes, we were there.
We laughed, we lived, we celebrated life's fare.
History we made, history we watched. Yes, we lived our time.
Please – leave your pictures in a box – smiles are fine.

The Human Spirit

Insufferable, it appeared strong amidst the storm.
Why, I do not know, but to fight was its norm.
The cold, even the ice, seemed to invite the fight.
But when the end would be, it was not in sight.

The shelf appeared, then fogged out of sight.
The sky turned blue, then gray, then as night.
The howl was fierce, breaking resolve, testing sanity.
The end seemed near, breaking all hold on vanity.

Life's compass, skewed and bent, held fast.
Would it grip the rail, would it succumb at last?
Yet as sweltering heat acted to melt its tortured fear,
Its trial subsided, death's peaceful quiet came near.

THE BATTLE

Imperceptibly I walked, not knowing where, or even why.
The world could have stood still or just drifted by.
The battle scenes confused my thoughts, my mind's eye.
Was it a mirage, an illusion, perhaps reality's lie?
So did I care? Of course! Not to care meant to die.

I laughed, then almost cried. Cold sweat shook my frame.
I felt remorse, then anger. The rage I could not tame.
The scenes transfixed, then froze. But still there came icy pain.
Anger raged within my soul. Inequities, atrocities, was I insane?
Cold death arrived, then departed, erasing one's claim to fame.

But why? That is the question! Frozen hearts can't cry.
So we plodded on amidst sudden ends, perhaps to die.
My heart pumped, pounded, it cried: Beware the enemy's lie.
Beware, yes, beware, or die. Resigned to the moment's fate;
Resigned to uncontrolled fatigue. How could one not hate?

What a warm and joyous time. A fire glowing. Singing.
Oh, how we laughed, hugged, ate and sang. Hearts rejoicing.
Peace to us was real. We celebrating the Child's birth.
Presents were got and given. A symbol of His gift.
It seemed for a moment that death was sets adrift.

But wait! Please! This peace only seems as real.
Don't be fooled. Don't be tricked. Death rings its final peal.
The flames of war in truth do rage. The battle feeds on death.
The wars of man cry out for blood. Foxholes devour man.
War's devices are man's creation. For death there seems no ban!

(Continued next page)

World wars I and II were fought for peace but where is peace today?
A mirage of hate destroys man's hope. Foxholes seem here to stay!
Widow's cry while children die, in war-torn lands of man.
The games called war destroy our hope; destroy our precious land.
Cry, you hearts, wail and scream! Man builds his peace on sand.

Christmas 2010… written after reading **Band of Brothers** by Stephen E. Ambrose. See Chapter 12, The Breaking point .

There Comes a Time

There comes a time when all is lost;
When energy's strength melts like frost.
When days that were are no more;
When time dissolves this earthly chore.

What dreams, what desires, the mind creates.
We start this life with an empty plate.
We build our dreams, we pass the test.
We climb life's ladder and seldom rest.

Interests, likings, obsessions we form.
We collect and use, no time to mourn.
We strut and call as a wild beast will.
Pride and self, dissolve humility's chill.

But wait, is this naught but a lie?
Impending end dooms this life's try?
I grasp at status quo's mansion possessed.
Anguish, fatigue, out of control at best.

My heart's cry – HELP – is seldom heard.
Denial's voice announces "lose everything? Absurd!"
No, my life's act will never cease!
Is this fear a Satanic Fleece?

(Continued next page)

Chill now! Let loose your moors.
Life's endeavors are behind closed doors.
Wake up, life's obsessions are lost.
Was this life's pain worth the cost?

What is the truth? Was life in vain?
Struggle and effort seemed put to shame!
What answer is there to the question of life?
Is death's chamber merely the end of strife?

Art F.

PS …..

Enter the man we call Christ the King.
He promised those who believe – everything!
Come and believe! Open your heart!
With Jesus this life is merely the start!

He came forgiving man of all sin.
Heaven awaits believers to enter in.
Jesus came so all could be saved.
By His death - eternal life he gave.

Eternal love awaits those who believe
Forgiveness of life's sins – a total reprieve!
Jesus calls you but will you come?
Call upon Jesus, the Father's Son.

History's Lesson

When in doubt, the crier did yell,
"Come one, come all, be under my spell.
Don't recant, don't delay.
The spell I speak of will enlighten your way".

I listened and heard the crier's yell.
Emotion grabbed logic, reason soon fell.
The maelstrom's pull devoured my soul.
The crier's deceit ruled my spirit's all.

No more with love are we now blessed.
The crier, like Hitler, did win our zest.
Blind faith, an ill-begotten but fatal ray,
Hailed Satan's call, blindness soon to stay.

History, we cry, where have you gone?
Your truth devoured by evil's false song.
Indeed, must we replay life's mistakes again?
Must we re-travel history's perditions of pain?

The entrapments of man a foreboding fate.
Man's lusts blind man, history's wisdom erased.
Blinded by lies, lusts, and ill-gotten fame.
Must man succumb to this cycle of pain?

Perfection Achieved!

A guarantee of sinless perfection is forthwith true.
Think of the previous minute and let your sins be less than few.
Think of the next minute – to perfection be ever true.
Now repeat your thinking each minute until your death.
Thus perfection is yours until your last breath.

A simple formula indeed you say?
But NO-ONE yet on earth (except one) can bray!
Now can perfection so easy to obtain,
Be impossible for ANYONE to claim?
The lone exception – what is His name?

Mohammad, Buddha, the gurus of old,
Did not escape the imperfection mold.
They could not win this two minute game.
They worked hard at overcoming their earthly disdain.
But fell short of perfection to the one true reign.

Who is this human of incredible fame?
The only person to win the two minute game?
The only one to suffer through life,
And minute by minute overcome all strife.

No other has offered forgiveness of sin.
No other has offered life without end.
No other has offered eternal life with Him.
His name is Jesus, in your heart ask him in!

The Brittle Heart

The brittle heart cannot forgive the wrongs that others do.
The selfish acts, the lies degrading, take their toll on you.

The friends that were soon fade away, loneliness ensuing.
The brittle heart cannot withstand human weakness and misdoing.

The brittle heart dies quickly, cased in loneliness and pain.
It sobs and weeps in singleness, it fades like misty rain.

So soften up your brittle heart, forgive the wrongs to you.
Then warm your heart toward others, whatever they say or do.

Opportunity

Egad, Bartholomew, it's ten to two.
Be gone! To where? Not here, but there.

She waits, she waits. Pondering her fate.
Buckled below, shackled to her foe.

Bartholomew, hurry! It's time to scurry.
It's ten to three. Be gone with thee!

She cries, she cries. Soon to die.
There's no escape. She's in bad shape.

Bartholomew, you fool! Get off your stool!
It's ten to four. Get out the door!

She screams her last. Doom comes fast.
The villain called rest puts her to death.

Bartholomew you Jerk! Evil did lurk.
You cowardly fellow. You deserve the gallows.

Hear ye, Bartholomew! Her spirit to moan.
Sings a sad song: "Lo, I am gone."

Wake up, you fool! She cried for you!
Get off your stool, Bartholomew!

Fruhling Family Photos – Yuba City, CA

Times of our Youth

Wisps of memories still ripe.
Thoughts and feelings deep inside.
Reminders of youth's freedom in play.
Too quickly lost, ne'er forgotten in time!

O joy! What freedom. What playtimes we had.
We whizzed about, sensing life's offerings.
We touched, smelled, saw glory with eyes.
Irresponsibility's events savored for a time!

Lost now in time are the joys of your youth.
Lost but remembered and in our heart cherished.
Remembering forever and experiencing in mind,
Are those times of our youth. O what a time!

From Sea to Shining Sea

(Based on movie series of Michener's book Centennial)

America was built on the blood of slaves, Native Indians, and civil war brothers. The chiefs were free, the land to use. Yes, they fought among themselves, but had freedom to roam the land, to inherit nature's gold, to be caretakers of nature's bounties.

The relentless man of Europe arrived – Sea to Shining Sea – they survived. But on what shoulders? The desire for wealth and land; the desire for freedom from tyranny's sword. Was it "Pilgrim's Progress" that choked Indian Pride, then condoned slavery for the sake of selfish gain?

Blood did pour over slavery's sin.
Tribes were cheated out of ancestral land.
Doesn't man use man for riches and fame?
Has this "sin" disappeared? Is it different today?
Has man's greed politely gone away?
Is this sin of man here to stay?

A swordsman from France once proclaimed, "One for all and All for One", but is it not the greed of "All for Me and Damn the One" that festers our land today?

Modern politics demands injustice, kills the innocent, and demands misuse of America's wealth. Is there ever a freedom that's free from sin, that only strives for righteous ends?

Was America ever righteous?
Was it once a sinless land?
Has God's destiny been overrun by the greed of man?

Struggles and Challenges

Den of Despair

In a den, away from pain;
Back to the wall expecting hurt.
I cry for justice to right the wrong;
In anger I shout, why do I feel so alone?

Why forgive, when the pain remains?
Why give out mercy to my enemies?
Must I fight my way to light and love?
My identity seems in a prison of shame.

My heart screams, why am I here?
Why do I not see through this veil of fear?
My den of despair seems my reality.
My identity in Him is so dark and obscure.

This den of fear, an illusion so safe.
To walk in His light seems the greater pain.
What must I do to exit this fight;
To destroy my home of darkness and shame?

I cry, remove this darkness, take me to Him.
The den's safety is truly the lie;
The lie persists, an illusion of peace.
Open my heart to live in His light.

Struggle

Forced to write, my hand to quiver.
Tension mounts, impending fever.
Days devoured, as seconds pass.
Waves of moments, mesh together.

Life's existence, a surprising addendum.
Time's reality, a brief referendum.
Moments collapse, a tired pendulum.
Beating hearts are lost forever.

Moments come and then they go.
I stand firmly amidst the low.
Life's trials, a hopeless foe?
Embattled and defeated? Never!

Dark winds haunt my presence.
Devilish thorns prick offenses.
Mind's games devour all senses.
By Faith and Grace I'm held together!

Intoxication

Efficacies engaging. Perhaps a river raging.
Shadows of the mind. Perhaps a liquid kind.

Ghosts a'dancing willy-nil. Oceans of liquid swill.
Fears that effortlessly grip. Perhaps bitter water to sip.

Shadows of the mind. Oceans roar in kind.
Efficacies engaging. Yes, a river raging.

(continued next page)

Dreams intense attacking. Watery DT's are wracking.
Silent echoes of the mind. A distance peaceful cove define.

Thoughts that strip our peace. Drinks causing like to cease.
Ghosts of fear and worry. Cool waters of life will bury.

A Quick Poem

My daughter Heather was taking an English class at college and was instructed to write a poem.
She lamented, " Dad, how can you just sit down and write a poem? Can you?"
So the following poem was jotted down for her in a few short moments.

Man loves Man. Shout to kill.
A bird's a bird, so what the hell.

We live but once, so some will say.
Is it better to love, or take away?

Dog eat dog, we spin around.
We hope with hope, Love will abound.

Friends will be, rivers run dry.
They'll go away, perhaps to die.

We cry, we laugh, the days to pass.
So we should love, time goes so fast.

Wars make noise, tears run dry.
We love to kill, we love to die.

To build, to build, beauty last long.
What we make will soon be gone.

(continued next page)

Why do we cry? We grin in shame.
The fall of man is ours to blame.

Quiet now! Hush! Don't tell.
It's a dog eat dog world that's going to hell.

So, what's your choice, draw the line!
Live to love, or die in time!

Double Consonants Abound

Bro George presented the alliteration challenge- beginning lines with words having two leading consonants. So…….

Black was the night.
Bright was the day.
Chained by my thoughts.
Cleared was his way.

Crowned in all glory.
Dratted foe was he.
Flown was his flag.
Fright'ning he to see.

Ghosts of the living past.
Gleaning life's memories dear.
Grateful of memory's dreams.
Klondike's frozen tear.

Know this, my friend!
Krypton is your name.
Phony's not your stand.
Plainly is your fame.

(continued next page)

Practiced warrior bar none.
Psalter's master was he.
Pity his foe yet alive.
Rhetoric not to be.

Scalawags do soon abound.
Shout your null and senseless cry.
Slap your knee and laugh your last.
Smile not! Prepare to die.

Spank the wind with ghostly air.
Squeamish ills devour your day.
Start the pale and senseless dirge.
Swing not high in safe array.

Syntax be an irrelevant game.
Throw down the hope of light.
Try to see the inward foil.
Two or more envelopes the fight.

Ubiety's hope has faded dim.
Udders' meal a distant phase.
UFO's search out the truth.
Ugly's dower lips of praise.

Ukase to silent wind a word.
Ulcerate the foe, the daunting whim.
Umbilical ties be broken apart.
Unable to stop life's horrid sin.

Up the heat. Create a sight.
Urfa's dust does sleep in crust.
Usurps the life of all to see.
Utterances vanquish the silent dust.

(continued next page)

Uxmal’s life to dust as gone.
Where to see is not to be.
Wrath cannot taste the pain.
Xylem’s growth in vain we see.

YMCA’s closure succumbs to death.
Zwitterion’s reality feeds the rain.
Zygosity creates not one but two.
Zzzzzzz…. Free from a task so lame!!!

Renewal and Inspiration

Fruhling Family Photos – Near Fern Canyon, Redwood National Park, California

Restoration

The Winter's edge envelopes my being.
Sequestered I am, fogged, shrouded not seeing.
O joy! A time for inaction. A time for thought.
A time for recollection. The fight's been fought.
The foray has ended, my person disheveled.
Respite I welcome, strength to rekindle.
Submission I welcome, O rest sublime.
Retool my soul…it's restoration time!

True Rest

I'm too busy for a poem!
Sad, but true, my epitome.
A grandparent parent takes it all.
Todays' energy uses tomorrows' call.

But do I lament this state I fill?
No! Gods' call supplies my will.
Being weak, In Him I'm strong.
My rest in Him cannot be wrong.

Each day carries more than its match.
Each hour oft weighs a full days' catch.
But what would I do if not this plot?
An easier road cannot be fought!

I rest in doing a call so right.
I rest in knowing the fight I fight!
I cannot take another's plight.
True rest comes when your heart is right!

Mans' Search

Memory comes and memory goes.
From whence and to where who knows?
Bones upon bones keep secrets locked tight.
Graves hold secrets from our memory's sight.

Oral history unravels the past.
Books full of words. Memories to last?
Yes, man desires knowing his ancestral tie.
With wrenching compulsion, we seek, then die.

(Continued next page)

To be at rest is to know who you are.
To have " peace that surpasses" we often search far.
But the Rock that causes our strife to cease,
Is our Great Creator, the Prince of Peace.

Archeology digs bones holding memories tight.
Our compulsion to know makes us dig and fight.
Our race wants to win and to know who we are.
Know this: Your identity in Him is your Guiding Star!

A True Awakening

How bitter sorrows drench our way.
No path to follow, no sight of day.
Yet through these pains of dread come light.
It's through these trials we gain our sight.

Without the toils and trials we face,
Our spirit dies in cold embrace.
To reach its end, that despairing cry,
Thus awakens our spirit to sing on high.

O Glorious Rain

It is raining, and the sun does not shine.

O glorious rain, cleanse my soul, my heart, my pain.
Does not the storms of life create the chance to grow?

To rise anew, as the dawning sun.
To have lived and loved when life is done?

O rain, cleanse my soul!

A Spiritual Awakening

Muscle and blood, skin and bone, a mind that's weak and a body that's strong.

Am I skin and bone, muscle and blood?
Am I a Darwinian Robot made out of oozing mud?

(Am I)
A mechanical device with logic circuitry; connections of tissue and bone?
A moving rock ticking in time; a piece of machinery alone?

My heart, is it there? My soul, a lie from where?
My spirit, a denial fair? My feelings, are they there?

(Am I merely) A Darwinian miracle,
connections of bones, connections of tissue, DNA phones?
Electrical synapses, pulses and impulses?
Cartilage, nerves, enzymes, hormones, tissue and bones?

Muscle and blood, skin and bone. Do I exist my mechanics alone?

Is a feeling a lie? Do emotions exist?
Is love some tissue from some cold abyss?

When my spirit cries, do I deny it?
When I sense a God, shall I refute it?

Is my thinking electrical? Does my heart merely pump?
Is my mind ice-cold, my fluids chemical? Am I an oozing lump?

……(I Cry) NO!!

I will not deny my *spirit*! I will not deny my *knowing* of God! I will not deny my reality of *feeling*, my sense of *good*, my yearning for *love*. I will not deny *emotion* from music, a *tear* from a sunrise, *hope, trust*, *compassion*, and *knowings*!!!

Muscle and blood, skin and bone, a mind that's weak and a body that's strong?
Muscle and blood, skin and bone, hello in there, is anybody home?
Muscle and blood, skin and bone, a *heart that's warm and a spirit to roam*.
Muscle and blood, skin and bone? Yes! But more……..

A loving God-spirit living in my temporal home!

Resolution

The twilight of dawn speaks of day.
The dawn of the night ends the fray.
The ebb of daylight gives way to night.
The end of night brings forth light.

What leads the change oft must follow.
What follows the change is naught to swallow.
What breaks the code is oft the curse.
What breaks the curse , pain to follow?

Measure your gait and mete your bound.
Treasure misfortune's chaotic sound.
Why waste wonderment of uncertainty.
To divide life's struggles is self-pity.

Break the pain of the listing bow.
Break the wrinkle of the furrowed brow.
Live dawn and dusk with joy to spare.
Live through darkness – a life lived fair!

Hope, Thankfulness, and Love

Man's Hope

Maniacal depressions appear into view.
Distant waves soon give their due.
Life's dilemmas erode our frame.
Soon created: Troubles and Shame.
Be it not life's state to ponder?
By such convoluted thoughts we wander?

Innocence upended – a doubtful wish.
The web of life serves a sour dish.
Life's maelstrom: A mortal pull.
Devouring a precious soul.
Does it not give naught to wonder,
In death's grip our thoughts soon ponder?

A cry so painful, to hear it now.
A baby's perfection destroyed in time.
Dreams and visions will dimly fade.
Truth and love soon a distant chime.
Compressed by erosion's dreadful weight.
Interred in earth's devouring plate.

Is fate an empty shell, a final stop?
Do shades of night destroy life's romp?
A dying ember, once a living tree.
An egg, a birth, never more to see?
A chrysalis, perhaps a hidden plane?
A butterfly anew, never more the same.

Plato's earth was flat, not round.
Arrogant illusion, egocentric, not sound.
A papal crime, Aristotle under house arrest.
Man's belief: Mortality is the final rest.
Hope lies in what's hidden from view!
His promise: A heaven for me and you!

The pursuit of Happiness

O, that *life* may seem as so!
What seems to be, perhaps our foe?
Dare we consider dilemma's pain?
One's truth embroiled in eternal shame?
Aha, we say, it's ours to tame!

O, that *liberty* may seem as just!
What seems to be, perhaps a lust?
Dare we consider freedom's fate?
One's moral compass twisted by hate?
Aha, we say, it's never too late!

O, that *happiness* may seem so real!
What seems to be, a lie of appeal?
Dare we consider the end a joy?
One's spirit devoured, an evil ploy?
Aha, we say, it's merely a toy!

O, that we would hear His truth!
What seems to be, perhaps a lie?
Dare we consider His word not fate?
A lasting call to Heaven's gate?
Aha, choose Life, it's not too late!

God and Man

God apart from man is not the fault of God.
Man apart from God is the choice of man.
Man goes to God when naked and alone.
Yes, God will always be there……
But man forgets the God he saw when secure with wealth and pleasure.

(continued next page)

What is your choice, each one of man, to be near or apart from God?
Yes, you say, to be near to God!

Then do this each of you:

Jot down the times you've suffered, whether many or few.
Jot down each loss, each pain accorded you.
Then sing praises (to God) for these hardships.
Sing songs of thanks and joy!
Let not your faith grow dim!

For through these many trials, God has brought you home to Him!

Praise the Lord

I praise the Lord
…….for the shoes on my feet and each school bus.
…….for my toothbrush, shoes on my feet, and my heart to beat.
…….for fleas and tick, cats and dogs and baby chicks.
…….for rocks in my shoe, sore red eyes and smelly glue.
…….for castor oil, salad greens and water to boil.
…….for hardback pews that hold people that worship you.
…….for rain and snow, 28 teeth and my big toe.
…….for ears to hear and German beer.
…….for itchy feet, diamonds in the rough and tender meat.
…….for my wife's teeth, her smile, her voice and her eyes that speak.
…….for cleansing our sin, and kicking Satan out of your dominion.
…….for your truth and light and words that promise heavenly flight.
…….for my size 12 feet, my mind that thinks, a soul that feels, and a heart to believe.
…….for corn on the cob, a juicy hot dog and a loving God.
…….for butter to spread, my warm bed and my tool shed.
…….for stars and a moon, a hidden lagoon and a new dust broom.

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…….for puberty and middle age, monkeys in a cage and (I guess) old age.
…….for clouds in the sky, a forgiven lie and a cleansing cry.
…….for popping corn, each baby born, and each judge that's sworn.
…….for Bermuda grass, a mountain pass and see-through glass.
…….for dogs that bark, cats that meow and a plate of chow.
…….for ears that hear, a snake that coils and water that boils.
…….for a doggy bone, a land to roam and a finished poem.

The Answer

The Autumn leaves foretell Winter's freeze.
The icy rains bring down the leaves.
Storms that follow devour life's sound.
Silent mantles of white over death abound.

"What's it all about, Alfie?", so the song cries out.
Is life's fever to wane without a shout?
Do we succumb to Winter's cold incarceration?
Do my bones have naught but dirt for their destination?

"I did it My Way," the crooner's voice rang out.
His voice lies buried now impossible to shout.
Do these words matter when under Winter's cold?
Even Braveheart from his grave refuses to be bold!

"Where Have All the Flowers Gone?", cries a ballad from long ago.
Lying deep in silence, under Winter's cold snow.
Even Socrates and Plato lie still without a sound.
Such minds in death merely planted in the ground.

"The Trumpet Shall Sound", Handel shouts to us all.
Announces (yes shouts!) new hope, yes, a new call.
He'll ride a white horse through Winter's cold tomb.
His sword piercing death, calling man to Heaven's home.

The Real Santa

Santa comes but once a year.
Gifts he brings to give us cheer.
The real "Santa" gave The Gift that heals.
The gift was Jesus, the REAL DEAL!
Gifts get broken, lost or consumed.
Lose their appeal, antiques stored in rooms.

But the Gift of Jesus heals our brokenness,
Our hurts, our pain, our hopelessness.
So choose the true Gift that lasts and lasts.
Choose Jesus, the true healer of all past.

A Rhyming Word

A rhyming word is oft the strike of life,
That lifts the heart above life's dismal plot.
It drives us to heights of wisdom oft sought.
Raising the bar beyond our strife.
Hearing the good – the songs of cheer.
New hope – angel's voices come near.
Sweet verse that melodiously gives new life!

The Old Shoes

That pair of old shoes, warn, scratched, and scuffed,
An ageless friend they were in the rough.
Their buff, shape and color said they were mine;
They fit me to a tee, and I could strut my stuff and shine.
Together we've been through a lot – rain, sun, dirt, fun and stress.
I remember the day they were new in a box: Stiff, clean, shining and scuff-less.

(continued next page)

I put them on. Did they fit? Well no. Could I walk and run? Well yes, but just so. I knew they were for me, sure, but they were not yet my friend. I wasn't sure they would last 'till the end. But they did. Now they are gone. The box is empty. They just wore out. The Cobbler said, "toss'um son, they are done." They were not betrayed! No way! But I just stopped wearing them that day. I left them "dead and warn" in the Cobbler's store. There were tears in my eyes as I Walked out the door.

The day I saw her – WOW – was she a doll. In my heart I said, she's mine over all. We dated, courted, and tied the knot. I was in heaven, at least I thought. Our new life, though awkward, seemed as a dream. She was like that shoe, I guess - new, beautiful, but too stiff and clean. I took her with pride everywhere I went. I said, this is my wife with whom time is well spent. Yes, we fought and loved, raised a family and cried. We laughed and shared life's adventures, O how we tried. One day I noticed that we were "broke in." O how we "fit" and I loved her more then. The kids disappeared, the hair grew grey. Our bones seemed to hurt, our faces looked frayed. But when I was with her she was like that old shoe. I knew for sure she was made for me (and I for her too!).

The day came so swift, in the hospital she went. The doctor came out and said, "Her life is spent! Just leave her here and we'll take care of the mess. She's gone now, I'm sorry. Go home and rest. " I thought of my shoes I'd left at the store. They'd served me well and were no more. I cried, sure, I shed buckets of tears. But I didn't regret all those many years. I bought another pair of shoes, and went on with life.

<u>But there was no replacing the love of my life!</u>

Dec '04

Miracles

A miracle I can use, but I won't hold my breath or go without food.
Looking back in time, many miracles have been received and are mine.
For example, I was born, and now am 64 years in age (redundant logic I warn!)
That's certainly a miracle. Don't you agree, or is your opinion fickle?
Another example of a miracle does arrive. I KNOW I'm alive!
Do you, dear Bro, disagree? Is it not plain to see?
Why look for a miracle to be, when everyone on earth is a miracle indeed!
Even Bin Laden, the rat from Pak(istan), popped forth ex-utero, a miracle man!
Stop, you say, you're going too far. The rat Bin Laden is a low-life sub-par!
No, I disagree, his actions are nasty, but his spirit is free!
The old argument, was it environment or heredity, once answered will bring pity!
Was it the chicken or the egg? That's a question to beg!
So we love the person, and condemn the crime! That's true for all time.
Love the person and condemn the rhyme! But please, dear Bro, do you love this crime?

There Is a Love

There is a love that will sink ships.
There is a love that's tougher than nails.
There is a love that lasts and lasts.
There is a love that never fails.

This love fights back over all odds.
This love gets up when all else fails.
This love won't ever say "no more."
This love believes above all ails.

What makes this love forever strong?
What makes this love conquer all?
What makes this love rebound from shame?
What turns mistakes and heals the pain?

No wrong, mistake, wrong word or deed,
No bitterness, nor anger or pain,
No lie, misunderstanding, rejection or hate,
Will stand against this love so great.

It is a love that forgives a wrong.
It is a love that believes and hopes.
It is a love of the infinite chances.
Of believing the best in all circumstances.

It's a love that says "please forgive me."
It's a love that admits to wrongs.
It's a love that forgives offenses.
It's a love that's forever strong.

All have made mistakes in this life we live.
Choose to say I'm sorry, please forgive.
Just remember this love won't ever fail.
It's through His love we will prevail.

March '05

I Gazed Into a Memory Dear

I gazed into a memory dear.
Dimmed visage's haze – yet so clear!
A moment's chime rang dead yet living.
My days devoured – time's victim failing.

Oh, what a time we did have!
Yesterday's beginning reappeared so near.
What a sight, what proportion - striking the heart!
Frailty overpowered by love's broken tear.

She lay in quiet state – regal and sublime.
Memories dancing, crashing, flashing through time.
Her ashen face lined with age.
The scene paled – now a dimming stage.

Oh, the tricks that love's memory did play.
The death-face bright with angelic hue.
The scene unlike the wedding day.
When laughter and daisies were in full view.

The face observed appeared as new.
With perfect beauty and proportion in view.
Through memory's distortions arose my bride.
Love's deep yearnings burned deep inside.

Tears of joy washed over my face.
Thankfulness and joy won death's cold race.
No darkness, no death, no separation so cold,
Could chill these burning love-memories of old.

A Deeper Love

There is a love that transcends this earth, that transcends the physical yearns of Our youth.

This love goes deep: it sees the depths of our worth and knows the shortness of Our breath.

This love that lasts comes only with time and age and slowly becomes a Deeper reality.

A love that without explanation understands our uniqueness and yields to His Grace.

I sit amazed that my heart has changed, that the healing has come with my Old age.

Yes, the body grows weak, its time seems short, but this greater love has risen To be……

The precursor of His everlasting love awaiting us in the next life with Him.

His will, not mine.
His time, not mine.
His place, not mine.
His love, forever mine!

George's Lines of Rhymes

Dedication of George's Section

I dedicate my section of poetry to my wife, Lucretia, my best friend and love of my life, with her constant love, devotion, and support, making it possible for me to have the time, energy, and desire to complete this book.

I give deep heartfelt thanks to God for helping me change my life for the better.

I also want to give special thanks to the following:

- To all the persons I have known and met that have enriched my life
- To all the persons I wish I could have met that would have been memorable in my life
- To the very few and rare persons that had enough courage to personally point out how I was seen by others, which immensely helped me to better my relationships

Comments on Writing Poetry

I have extreme love and delight in expressing myself in the poetic style, no matter it be serious, just in pure fun, contemplative, analytical, or in any other poetic style. I often twist the meaning of words around, even making up words. For anyone who is a stickler for the English language, I ask you to please not be offended, but try to enjoy my poetry (I hope you consider it poetry!) as I mean it to be.

In my travels I whole heartedly enjoyed meeting peoples of different races, ethnic backgrounds, colors, cultures, religions, and outlooks on life. To me, ***people are truly the cream of living!*** *I have tried to share my observations of people, their language, and often their own way of pronouncing words according to the area of which they live. In no way am I making fun of anyone, but I am only showing my admiration for their way of living, and most interesting accents! I hope everyone learns to further enjoy all peoples of our world too with all their differences.*

Proper & Primmerick Poetry

I use no literary gadget or gimmick,
When writing a poem or limerick.
Much to poetical consideration,
I use assonance and alliteration,
Properly keeping poetry primmerick.

Love of Poetry

My Joy

A joy, like non other, in my heart abounds,
A joy, like non other, truly for me is found,
A joy, that echoes internally deep resounds
When writing stanzas of elegant poetic style
With words as eloquent that I can compile
Within my heart to share with thee a while.

Oh my Joy, how do I protect and keep thee
So thee will understand and certainly see
The joy thee can bring to me for all eternity?
For when I write of love, my heart beats so,
And soars to heights untold, don't you know,
When words of poetic rhyme, begin to flow.

Plaudit

Until a plenitude of poetic word plumage from my mind doth plummet,
And pleasing eloquent poems plunder beyond a plateau to their summit,
My personal priority is to proceed with proper, provocative, and profound rhyme,
To propitiate precious readers using pristine prolific poems predominantly sublime.

Poetic Expression

I'm favorably fortunate in producing poetic expression,
As I feel everyone should have a safe way to expound,
Any and all feelings that only deep inside can be found.
To expressively expatiate will prevent soul's regression,
And aid one's inner self to grow with steady progression.

A Poem

To awaken senses and emotions rile,
A melody of words in poetic style,
With a mental picture sent,
That is meaningfully meant,
Entertaining readers all the while.

A Poet

A poet, with words, doth a picture paint.
Yet, having meaning, wise and profound,
Permeated with truth and honesty so sound,
Clever with the word of the day, yet quaint,
And deep in the hearts of his readers, a saint.

A poet's words are polished with silver-plating,
So clever, skillfully smooth always easy to read,
And his own words displays a top quality breed.
For his next poem his readers are always waiting,
From lovers of words to a poet, the highest rating.

Poetry

Words I love to rhyme,
In a message so sublime,
That I must confess,
Is my way to express
Feelings that are mine.

I manipulate words into rhyme,
Within stanzas prim and prime,
So to you I submit
And now even admit
Poetry is my favorite pastime.

Our World in the Universe

I care deeply about all peoples of our world, and how they treat each other every day. I am also very concerned about our Earth, its beauty, natural resources, and how all peoples of our Earth should be treating and conserving what we have before it is too late.

There is a Price to Pay

I ponder the number of seasons more I shall see
As I slowly age and grasp the concept of time,
Even though I am not yet quite passed my prime,
However, I am quite positive that you will agree,
To witness changing seasons is heavenly sublime.

That time passes too quickly I know only oh too well,
As I am merely a common and an ordinary earthly man,
And I, only wanting to witness and experience all I can,
So to future generations I have something of worth to tell,
That will help them have better lives is my personal plan.

Take good care of our earth and its resources is my plea
To inhabitants of our planet, or you may find one day,
You may have to learn to live life in a different way,
Without oil, coal, fish and fowl to eat, and even trees,
For abusing our world over time there is a price to pay.

Life's Perfection

Forever through eternity's past,
Life is born and interspersed
Throughout our vast universe,
Amongst cold astral contrasts,
Across limitless outer space,
And eons of time failed to erase.
Life, against odds, lasts and lasts.

Like lightning taking the path of least resistance,
Using the simplest possible methods to survive,
Against infinite odds life continues to thrive.
As a spec here and there in stellar coexistence,
Across frigid vastness of all heaven's seas,
Amidst multitudes of lifeless globes in galaxies,
Life locates essential sustaining subsistence.

Forever Time and Space

Forever time and forever space,
These concepts are hard to embrace,
Especially for our human race,
For our world is within limits bound,
As is our thoughts in minds resound,
Unable to grasp such vastness found.

On Earth, not much to these concepts lend,
As our reasoning likes limits with ends,
Making it difficult for us to comprehend
Such never ending ideas as infinity,
And the foreverness of eternity,
Questioning man's galactic adaptability.

Thinking outside our box is a good thing,
For infinite possibilities it shall bring,
And eternity will not seem so baffling.
Although our universe seems immense,
We should appreciate it forever hence,
And seek its knowledge with perseverance.

A Speck Are We

Through Heavens Hurled,
Across an eternity,
In proportion, our World,
A mere speck are we.

Forever in a line,
Too many to see,
Eons lost in time,
Just a speck are we.

From any one place,
In our Universe be,
In never ending space,
A tiny speck are we.

A poignant point of view,
It sure humbles me,
And I hope humbles you,
Only a speck are we.

In The Cool Crisp Mornings

In the crisp mornings, my breath steams in the air
As I stand on my porch with coffee cup in hand,
Gazing at the Rockies while looking over this land,
Taking notice of how trees turn Fall hues with flair,
And thinking of Winter for which I must prepare.

At the first frost, leaves fall to the ground,
Whence I stand outside in the chilly morn,
With insulating layers of warm cloths I adorn,
And anticipate icicles that soon will be found,
Amazed of how life through its cycles abounds.

We Are All Peoples of Our World

Tints, tones and infinite hues
All to our happiness ensues,
And appear as color to our eyes
Also to our intellect supplies
Multiple shades of contrast,
All of which are unsurpassed.

Differences in how things appear
To our daily pleasures adhere,
Just as variances of features
Within every living creature,
That comes within our sight,
Brings to our lives a delight.

Differences in peoples are the same,
And to this I whole-heartedly acclaim,
Also respecting our variety in thoughts
Should be something to be sought,
For without the differences as we know,
Life would be without its inner glow.

To enhance the process of expanding
Closeness in cultures, try understanding
Differences found in your fellow man
Thereby decreasing gaps and spans
Between each other's culture and race,
Maybe making our world a better place.

Showing respect, not in part, but in whole,
Is truly a reflection of your very own soul,
For none of us can help who into we are born,
So it makes no sense to each other scorn,
And if you want from others total respect,
How you want to be treated, to them reflect.

We are not so different from one another
As even our own flesh and blood brother,
For we all feel pretty much the same way,
As we all laugh and cry from day to day,
Separately, but together we are hurled,
Making us all peoples of our world.

Hopefully Humorous

Realizing that one person's humor may certainly not be another's, hopefully there is some enjoyment, and humor in a few of these poems.

A Change in Degrees

An engineer in confusion
Came to this conclusion:
"My thinking doth yield,
I'm in the wrong field,
For Chemists have all the solutions!"

AbbreV8

Ways 2 shorten sentences 1 should 4mul8,
4 the results they bring 2 you are just gr8.
There4, don't be satur9, but be 2mul2ous,
And don't be asin9, but be impet2ous,
4 every1 should know how 2 abbreV8.

My Flivver and I

K-ch' k-ch' k-ch', Boom!, went my flivver
As I slowly chugged down the winding road,
Accidentally in a pothole in slithered a sliver,
And popped the tire's tube on which I rode,
Now losing control and making me quiver.

My old automobile only slowly went put-put
And foolishly, I wanted to gloriously go zoom,
It was quite unfortunate my jalopy hit that rut,
As when the tire blew it made a very big boom,
Causing me to lose control and off the road jut.

(continued next page)

If only I had been content to stay thither
And take care of, and maybe wash my car,
Instead running off the road and ending hither,
For off the road and in the field I went far,
And I am now quite shaken and in a dither.

After I ran off the road from getting a flat,
And before I decided to walk for a tow,
It is was a long time that I sat and sat,
So here and now I want you to know,
Then and there God and I had quite a chat!

When I think of that incident I still quiver,
So my outlandish driving I quickly nixed.
My jalopy and I now sit quietly by a river,
And I can relax that my flivver is fixed,
K-ch, k-ch, k-ch, Boom!, goes my flivver.

A Mouse, While Munching on Cheese…

A mouse, while munching on cheese,
Felt tired so knelt on his knees.
He did his best,
To take a long rest,
Then proceeded to eat with ease.

A mouse, while sampling Swiss Cheese,
Started counting all the holes, if you please.
When he reached the number twenty,
He thought that was more than plenty,
But counted on to one hundred with ease.

A mouse, while dining on cheese,
Discovered inside, shiny red rubies.
Excitedly, with haste, he ate his meal,
And the gems, well, they were real,
So now he sails his yacht overseas.

A mouse, while hunting some cheese,
Unexpectedly, felt a very swift breeze.
There was a very sharp snap,
As he was caught in the trap,
And then rotted away with the cheese.

(continued next page)

A mouse, pondering while eating cheese,
Stopped for a profound moment to seize.
He stared on and on for so long it seems,
As he was deeply caught up in his dreams,
To others, it looked as though he did freeze.

A mouse serving gourmet cheese,
Politely offered crackers and teas.
For those who there did visit,
The experience was exquisite,
As the cheese to their taste buds did appease.

This mouse offering expensive cheese,
Found it very costly for all to please.
So he kept close tabs,
On what each did grab,
And then gave them a bill of his fees.

A mouse, while jawing on Jack cheese
Commenced to cough, gag, and wheeze.
The cheese was old,
All covered with mold,
And the mouse died of a horrible disease.

A mouse chasing cheeses was a go getter,
And usually preferred eating sharp cheddar.
One day he tried Brie
And ate on with glee
Then decided that cheddar was no better.

"***A mouse while munching on cheese"***
Is only a poem to please.
To this story you may add
Or if you think it to be bad,
Just throw it away in the breeze.

More Mice Munching On Cheese

A mouse eating pizza with Parmesan,
Ate without stopping until it was gone.
He ate with such zest
And sat down to rest,
Then dropped off to sleep with a yawn.

A mouse round the world had flown,
And always traveled quite alone.
He sampled cheeses world-wide,
Then openly stated, I must confide,
"My favorite still is Provolone".

A Mexican mouse paid a Peso,
For a dish of Chile Con Queso.
He thought it was nicey,
Even though it was spicy,
And it disappeared without a traco.

A mouse munching on Munster
Was also a quick witted punster,
He was polite to offer a bite,
When there was none left in site,
And thought himself just a funster.

A story of a mouse I'd like to tell,
When his hunger he wanted to quell,
He ate everything he could, you see,
And although he ate with such glee,
His favorite was the cheese, Bonbel.

A social mouse from Timbuktu,
As a host always knew what to do.
For his guests, he wanted to please,
So he served crackers with cheese,
And often had wine with Fondue.

An Australian mouse from the Outback,
For munching on cheeses had a knack,
He was pleased as could be
When he once tried Brie,
But was elated when he ate Monterey Jack.

(continued next page)

A mouse ordered a cheese cook book,
Then over the recipes for hours did look.
As it turned out to be,
His very favorite recipe,
Was a tasty dish made from Tillamook.

A mouse who gorged himself with Gouda,
To all, his manners could not have been rudda,
In front of everyone to see,
He stuffed himself with glee,
And ended up looking just like Buddha.

Nationalitease

A mouse claimed to be Bengalese,
Sometimes Belize and Brooklynese.
It was obvious, he was strange,
As his story often changed,
He even said he was Cantonese!

Although his words were from the breeze,
He had a most charming way to appease.
I listened on and on for quite a while,
Until I got quite tired of his style,
As he was just saying he was Pekingese!!!

Plan of a Mouse

A mouse, who did not want to get caught,
Pondered, wondered, and hard he thought.
He was scared of the "Whap"
From the mighty mousetrap,
So to get the cheese, an answer he sought.

After much planning he devised a plot,
Then in a rope, made a loop with a knot.
By lowering the rope,
It was his high hope,
To stealthily-steal the you-know-what.

(continued next page)

Did his plan work? Of course not!
So of other ideas, he thought a lot.
Could he scurry fast past the trap,
And with a kick give it the right tap,
To knock the cheese off its slot?

He decided this plan too was not so hot,
It seemed unlikely that success it brought.
He knew he needed some course of action,
Where the odds of disaster were a fraction,
So numerous choices on paper he did jot.

With his schemes intensely so he fought,
Deciding disaster most of them brought.
Among and amidst all his confusion,
He finally arrived at this conclusion,
It might be easier if the cheese he bought.

Our Permanent Guest

A situation that has manifest
Into our friendly family nest,
Is about a wee little mouse,
Who now lives in our house,
And looks to be a permanent guest.

Our cheeses the mouse ate with zest,
And appeared to be a unpleasant pest,
But the right moment the mouse did seize,
And to our cat, produced a treacherous tease,
And our dog now thinks our family is blessed.

This situation, we never could have guessed,
But our bird just confidentially confessed,
Since the cat no longer gives him the chase,
He no longer needs nunchucks and mace,
And hopes the mouse puts the cat to the test.

(continued next page)

With our creaturous circus I have had no rest,
And my patience was passed being pressed,
So in self-defense, I created a plot, so thick,
Then I looked up the number and dialed it quick,
And had the pound place them all under arrest.

Since then, our home is neat, never messed,
And now in peace, I'm able to get dressed.
My shrink thinks I'll eventually be fine if I don't fret,
And suggests to help my nerves I should purchase a pet,
Ahhhh!!!!….immediately I'm heading out West!

Some People Must Be Coo-Coo Clocks

Some people say and do the most bizarre things
Extremely regularly like a fine time piece's tick-tock,
I wonder if their brains have cogs and springs,
Making me think they might possibly be "**coo-coo**" clocks.

Attack!

Methodical in his action,
Executing a diabolical plan,
Leaving no time for reaction,
On his doomed, fellow man.

Pouncing with a cunning knack,
His adversary gasping for breath,
Swift and determined is his attack,
And it's soon over in sudden death.

A murderous plot to see,
Leaves one but to guess,
What horror can this be?
Just a friendly game of Chess!

Baseball

Athletic young men in their prime,
Should spend their youthful time,
Fulfilling their dream,
And join a team
Participating in America's favorite pastime.

The business of baseball is big,
And is something all can dig,
The action is great,
At every home plate,
Whether it be the American or National League.

Whether you like to call the Ump a name,
Or come to see ballplayers with fame,
Going to the ballpark is fun,
Eating hotdogs out in the sun,
And knowing baseball is a thinking game.

The fielders yell their chatter
To throw off the batter
When the ball is thrown,
And on its way towards home,
Hence: the fielder's patter batter chatter.

Watching a game from the beginning,
Through each and every inning.
Witnessing a stolen base,
A split second fast pace,
Makes all spectators in the winning.

It's fun to see ballplayers with their gear,
While in the stands and drinking beer.
Have some popcorn or eat hotdogs,
While the runner to first base jogs,
And when he scores, make sure you cheer.

Whether the pitcher throws a strike or a ball,
There's someone who thinks it's a bad call.
You can count on there being some chump,
Who will scream and yell "kill the Ump"
What more can I say? That's baseball!!!

TWR.

A lady's young Sr. (Sr. = Sister)
Was attracted to her Mr.
An argument arose,
Alarmingly apropos,
When her Mr.Kr. Sr.

America's Economics

Cash flow from citizens to government does swap,
With no way for this helpless situation for us to stop.
To me, it's an obvious theme,
It's the old fashioned pyramid scheme,
With our government situated safely at the top.

An Inventor of Sorts

An inventor of sorts so poor,
Into the pores of his soles
Did pour a super sticky glue.
Then thought himself an entrepreneur,
Although most of his ideas he stole,
But to others he was a mere ballyhoo.

With the glue he attached some coils,
That compressed with his body weight,
Then thought his newfound invention
Was a total success from all his hard toil,
And was eager to immediately demonstrate,
This new device with little or no apprehension.

For he actually did spring from the spring
Using these coiled springs on his shoes,
And was elated with his own inspiration,
But when to his fellow inventors he did bring,
His invention of his brilliance and so new,
They asked what else was its application?

(Continued next page)

His self-inflated bubble they did pop
With their one and only question
And caused him from this project to abort,
But he was not about to let this stop
His undeniable genius from investigation
Into a new and better design of sorts.

A Song Playing in my Head

Since I arose this morning from bed,
A song's been playing in my head.
If I don't, pretty soon,
Start hearing a new tune,
I'm afraid my senses will have fled.

Over and over within my head this melody is playing,
Repeatedly without stopping, or in any way decaying.
Although I admit among the ones I know I love this tune,
But it is driving me crazy and it better stop pretty soon,
And there is no time like the present without delaying!

AHHHH!!! There it goes again that dang-blasted song,
Again, and again as it is now at least two days long.
To this constant crazy cadenza I did not lay claim,
But I think it has now taken over my mind I proclaim,
And I hope and pray it does not last all year long!

Secrets of Van Gogh and Family

A Note to Take Note Of

In a séance one can see Van Gogh,
And as an apparition he can glow.
He'll send a chill up your spine,
With an encore most divine,
When he, in postmortem, plays pi-an-o.

Gogh-Gogh Dancer, Van Gogh

A fact not many people know,
But I tell you it is truly so…
In a nightclub of his day,
He was known in this way…
"Go-Go Dancer, Van Gogh".

"Van" Go to Michelangelo

From Van Gogh the Van did go,
To someone you all know.
His name has changed
And rearranged
To that of Van Michelangelo.

Van Gogh Painted a Nude

The paintings of Michelangelo his ego did crush,
And Van Gogh wanted to prove his too were plush.
Alas, one day a nubile nude he painted,
But could not finish because he fainted,
And with every stroke he could not help but blush.

Van Gogh Took a Chance

Van Gogh, his life he decided to enhance,
Then mustered up courage to take a chance.
At first it was just a trial,
But eventually, did it in style,
At night, after painting, he liked to dance.

Van Gogh Visited Rome

Van Gogh visited the windy city of Rome,
Admiring every architectural dome.
I must confess,
His hair was a mess,
As he forgot to take with him his comb.

Van Gogh Wanted to Paint for the Pope

While in Rome, Van Gogh visited the Pope,
But with his request the Pope could not cope.
Van Gogh wanted to paint the Pope's throne,
And the Pope told him to leave it alone,
But Van Gogh stood firm and said "nope"!

Van Gogh's Fast Running Van

Yes, Van Gogh had a fast running van,
That was a reddish-bluish sort of tan,
I hear it was some runner,
And he was a rum-runner,
Who said "Catch me if you can".

Van Gogh's Nephew

Van Gogh's perpetually young nephew, Peter Pan,
Never wanted to grow up fully to be a man.
Tinkerbell said it was a must
So sprinkled him with Fairy Dust,
As she wanted to help him fulfill his plan.

Van Gogh's Older Sister

Van Gogh's older sister, Beth,
Was cursed with very bad breath.
Her teeth, she always brushed,
But by everyone was always hushed,
Never speaking a word until death.

Van Gogh's Wife

Van Gogh was known as a painter,
With a wife that was so much quainter.
This shocking fact, no one knows,
But when he took off his clothes,
His wife then became a fainter.

Some Observations of Life

The following two poems are both good examples that we should all think and plan before acting.

To Abound More Abundantly

An idea, and one of great thought,
To your attention will be brought,
That life is a roll of the dice,
For which we all pay a price,
And for a solution I have sought.

The exact moment we are conceived
Determines into whom we are weaved.
Into the this world we are all brought,
The time of the act with little forethought.
What by this haphazard method is achieved?

What we accomplish in our life,
Whether in riches, or in strife,
Is more by opportunity than design,
To this fact we all must resign,
Even the woman we take as a wife.

There is more by luck that is brought,
Than by planning that is sought.
What alternatives to have, would we,
And to this, I hope you agree,
If, before acting, we thought?

With careful choices, whom could we be,
In life, what differences would we see,
What better jobs could we hold,
And to our lives make a new mold,
If from our living by chance we did flee?

My point? Stop, think, plan, then proceed,
In you, with this statement, I plant the seed,
And is my own way of giving,
For all to have a better living,
And from the gamble of life be freed.

Choose Your Path Well

With a ball of string that is endless,
And as you went, let it unravel behind,
It wouldn't be long before you'd find
Your past path caught up in a mess
With all you encountered intertwined.

Life is exactly like that ball of string,
Of this fact I am compelled to tell,
With a snarled mess your life can be hell
For your trail in life encircles everything,
So throughout life, choose your path well.

Enjoy the Simple Things in Life

Make time to enjoy the simple things
That life puts in plain sight every day,
Start right now, without further delay,
To look for the good that each day brings,
So while the sun is shining, make hay.

Each day, breathe in the morning air,
As you notice above, the sky of blue
Maybe with clusters of clouds too.
So similar to a woman each day is fair,
Now take advantage of each day's view.

Noticing and appreciating the simple things
Helps anyone to unravel a complicated day,
Also improves relationships in many ways,
For just learning to appreciate could bring
Silver linings instead of a cloudy life so gray.

Take notice of all, and enjoy all you see,
For in your life it will put zest and zing,
Helping some troubles to at last be free,
For then daily life with you will more agree,
So make time to enjoy life's simple things.

My Secret to Happiness

In discovering my secret, what it brought,
For me, is true irenic and tranquil thought.
So, my secret to happiness, do I dare
With the whole world openly share?
I ask you honestly…do I, or do I not?

From within my heart, to you, my friend
My happiness secret I would love to lend.
Now listen close and hear me well,
Finding happiness takes time to jell
And even more time to comprehend.

Have an open mind, and follow my clues.
Give it a try, I promise you cannot lose.
Amazingly, it is nothing you say or do,
But only the reality you must come to,
That it's a state of mind simply to choose.

Life's Pendulum

Each person's life pendulum swings
Back and forth, only one day at a time,
And at life's end, commences to chime,
Then stops, with no more life to bring.

The pendulum's number of swings mounts,
And its speed cannot be changed,
Or in any possible way rearranged,
For it's only the number of swings that counts.

Life's pendulums swings can be increased
By a healthy body and mind,
Without a vice of any kind,
Only then more counts onto life can be pieced.

Alternate living only subtracts from the total number,
And to the pendulum becomes a weight,
Thereby making premature death's date,
For unhealthy living, to your life, does only encumber.

Human Nature Is Still the Same

I observe human nature to be the same
As it appeared centuries and eons ago,
And this fact cannot at all be disclaimed.
Therefore, all cultures should be inflamed
To evolve and only in a good way grow.

Our basic human nature we must amend,
Or greed, power, hate will be our doom,
And bleak will be man's future I portend.
Man's inhumanity to man will be our end,
As those traits to the world shall entomb.

For our own preservation we must start
To look at our course ahead, then assess
The attributes from which we should depart,
And work only at the ones we should impart
Into our being with only those to possess.

Zoo

In public, people display deep personal traits
Not seeming to care what people think or see,
For their animalistic actions are indiscriminate,
Which to observers only themselves incriminate,
So why do some people go on such a wild spree?

I think what I believe that you too would agree,
For it's one of our human flaws what people do,
Sometimes acting inappropriate for all to see,
Proving we are captives of our own personality,
Like the caged wild animals on display in the zoo.

Passion versus Obsession

There is a fine line between passionate and obsessed,
For when passionate you still think with a clear mind,
But when obsessed your thinking can be undermined,
So it is best to keep any and all obsessions suppressed.

Seeking Happiness

A thought I lend for you to borrow,
When you find yourself in sorrow:
Upon the dawn of each day,
Create happiness in any way,
And better will be your morrow.

Whatever emotions fill your mind,
Still, always to everyone be kind.
If first you give, I believe,
I know, before you receive,
The happiness you seek, you'll find.

The Thunder Rolls and Rolls

High amongst mountains most any day,
Cloud formations initially seem droll,
But as they develop darker in the sky
Lightning bolts arc in air by and by,
Then thunderous claps roll and roll.

After it has received a blow,
It is only then that a bell tolls,
Like when lightning all aglow
Suddenly strikes the earth below,
Following, thunder rolls and rolls.

Before the sun completely disappears,
Its light silhouettes clouds in an aureole,
But the storm's lightning soon appears,
Henceforth, rumbling everyone hears,
For mountainous thunder rolls and rolls.

Like the new storm, a baby is born,
And his good deeds to his life extol,
Deeds echo deep in minds to adorn,
Like the lightning comes to forewarn,
Of life's thunder that rolls and rolls.

The storm leaves and our lives pass by,
Eventually, there is little left to unroll,
Maybe one last flash before you die,
As your lightning dwindles by and by,
Even in fading away, your thunder rolls.

To Age As Planned

As we each slowly age
And through life progress,
We should not suppress
Nature turning a new page,
Or from her plans digress.

For through life we play,
And to each day advance,
By life we are so entranced,
Our beauty of youthful days,
Is no longer so enhanced.

Outer to inner, beauty goes,
As outside, it will not stay,
No matter how hard you pray,
But if a moral life you chose,
Beauty has not gone away.

Beauty merely shifts inside
As destiny for us all awaits,
So now our personality traits,
Where your character resides,
Grow in beauty, now your fate.

Possibly Real World

I Have a c'c'COLD…ACHOO!!

Excuse me, but I have a cold…ahchoo!!
I sneeze and wheeze until I'm blue,
My eyes water and my nose drips,
From my cup of tea I slowly sip,
Hoping I get well soon……ACHOOO!!!

My muscles ache and my throat is sore,
I feel cold coming through every door,
I can't breathe cause my nose is stuffy,
I wish the tissue was a bit more fluffy,
As my eyes water until almost they pour.

I suppose eventually I'll be all right,
And maybe I'll be able to sleep at night,
Without coughing and sneezing,
Gagging, breathless, and wheezing,
Yeah, I suppose I'm gonna be all right!!

Written while spending the winter on the shore of the lake in Monticello, Indiana.

The Rain's Gentle Rhythm

As the various bright vivid colors of day,
Diminishes into shadowing shades of gray,
I gaze through the window waiting for night,
Looking forward to the twinkling starlight,
And faint cottage lights across the way.

Settling softly on the lake I hear the rain,
And in my chair watching I choose to remain,
Hearing an occasional duck or goose call,
Even through the rustic thin cabin walls,
For now, to the day a loss, but for me, a gain.

Within the steady rain a gentle rhythm arose,
Soon to which relaxation on me did impose,
Like the day my consciousness began to fade,
And my adventurous dreams were not delayed,
For the rain's gentle rhythm caused me to doze.

Besides working with Ken for several years, Ken was a very dear friend of both my wife and myself. We shared many dinners, went camping together, had outings together, and visited Ken at his mountain cabin in the Colorado Rockies on numerous occasions. It was a great loss to us when Ken passed, and he will always be missed and thought of and remembered in the deepest and highest regard.

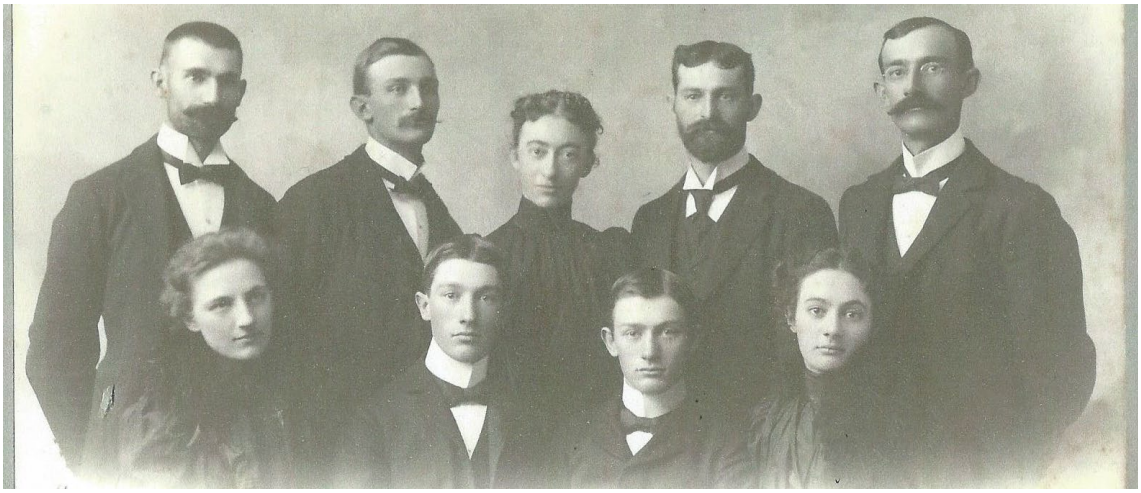
Ken's Mountain Cabin

Ken in his mountain cabin contently abides
Amongst peaks and precipices that surround
His humble home's open meadow hillside
With splendorous sights, all vast and wide,
Where majestic Rocky Mountains abound.

Truly it is in God's own country Ken resides
Amidst precarious plummeting cliffs around
His rustic abode, with towering spires alongside,
Composed of granite, near the Great Divide,
So breathtaking, it cannot help but to all astound.

Fowl of different feathers flock to the pines,
Atop the horizon's spacious picturesque view,
Where this, apart from city life, is clandestine,
As this remote high altitude valley is alpine,
And evening sunsets are a bright colorful hue.

In afternoons cumulus clouds accumulate
After which, lightning strikes the ground,
Then thunder rumbles, echoes, and resounds
Where in serene tranquility one can ambulate,
And Ken in his mountain cabin can be found.



Fruhling Family Photos – September 23, 1898 – Wilhelm Fruhling's children
Our Father, Arthur Fruhling, located on bottom row, third from left.

Not to Be Forgotten In Time

Countless persons are forgotten through time,
So am I too, doomed into this category to fall
As also, I suppose is, the same for one and all,
With memories of us not lasting past our prime,
Thus, being inevitable and impossible to forestall?

What then of me, will last through lifetimes,
Since it seems impossible to avoid this pitfall
Of time erasing everyone's memories of us all?
Maybe it will be one of my poetic rhymes
That in the future to some heart will enthrall!

To All the Countless People

To all the countless people who have passed,
I wish I knew you well, especially your name,
And during the course of your life what you became,
So you would not be forgotten and memory of you lost,
And obliteration caused by time finally overcame.

I'd be honored to pass along to all who you were,
The ordinary things you did from day to day,
And obstacles you overcame along your way,
Before they are erased or become a blur,
We should all be remembered in our lives this way.

On one late Saturday Summer morning when I was nineteen, in cutoffs and tee-shirt, rode my bicycle to the nearest hardware store. Upon walking in to the very busy store, I looked around for some help from an employee without success. Searching further into the crowd, my eyes met with another...

Only Once In a Lifetime

Accidentally and unexpectedly she and I came face to face,
Then what happened next usually can only be read in a book,
For we exchanged that unmistakable once-in-a-lifetime look,
Leaving me without breath as our mutual glance I embraced,
And my heart skipped a beat then pounded an ever faster pace.

Mesmerized with each other, yet never a word was spoken,
Amongst the crowd it was noisy but for us silence filled the air,
And what was first just a glace evolved into a mutual stare.
Excitedly, for the first time in my life I felt I had finally awoken.
And I hoped the moment would last and our spell never broken.

From the moment our eyes met we both froze in our stance,
The people and the happenings around us we both had blocked,
Our gaze, now a stare, to each other remained glued and locked,
Now past the point of what anyone could call a casual glace,
Becoming obvious to anyone close we were held in a trance.

Ensued by her presence my whole being entirely entranced,
So unprepared was I that I was afraid that I looked shocked,
A most unusual situation indeed, into which I had walked.
Was this lust or love at first sight that happened by chance,
Could something more happen that would lead to romance?

Who she was, or where she came from, I hadn't a clue
I wanted so much to move closer to speak and of her ask,
But I only stood still as a statue and in the situation bask.
I knew these intimate moments in life are rare and few,
But so hypnotized was I, that I could not think what to do.

Was it an accident or fate that we met that lucky day?
Deep down inside, something special happened to me,
It's more than just a look that happened between I and she.
What it was that happened between us it is hard to say…
I know my heart gained, yet lost, in a most intimate way.

Annabelle Lee is about a dream I had of a leading lady in a movie I saw (while staying in Bristol, VA) that took place in the South pre-Civil War.

Annabelle Lee

Resplendently elegant and beautiful was Annabelle Lee
Admirably refined, but with a spirit spontaneously free.
In women's world, there was none more prim and proper,
Yet, in her flair for flaunting fringe, no one could top her,
And there was no woman wilder than was Annabelle Lee.

She had a love for dancing, and danced with glee,
Twirling fast with petticoats showing for all to see.
It was inevitable that she, at every formal ball,
With men would flirt, always with one and all,
And no one had more fun than did Annabelle Lee.

One thing on which all men would whole-heartedly agree,
When with her, the possibility of romance would always be.
From other women to her, their jealous glances would dart,
As Annabelle could captivate and break any man's heart.
Once her you met, you would never forget, Annabelle Lee.

Some Travels

I Wonder…

I wonder if I would
Be brave enough to travel,
And watch adventures unravel
In time...only if I could,
Or only in my mind I should.

This is not possible, I know,
But my mind likes to fantasize,
And my heart likes to romanticize,
About places I could go,
Outside my body's physical plateau.

This Morning in Colorado

This morning, it was supposed to SNOW
Here in our city of Broomfield, Colorado,
Waiting in suspense was rough,
But the temp didn't drop enough,
So now, I'm a little disappointed, you know!!

Rain, and lots of it, is all we have received today,
The clouds are dark and not likely to go away,
We need all the moisture we can get, that's true,
But I had hoped the white stuff would come into view,
So like the weather, my forecast now is a little gray.

Cookie Confection Perfection

The stew, passing out complimentary cookies,
Was herself, noticeably a very good-lookie,
Although she was fair,
She could not compare,
To the cookies of which I partookie.

The following happened to me at a restaurant during my first trip to where they had Southern accents. I was so embarrassed, and then realized I had a lot of learning to accomplish.

Swate Tay

Said the waitress, "Y'all wan swate tay?"
In reply, all I could say was "I don't understand,
As I am obviously not from this land,
So could you repeat that again to me?"
And she replied, "Y'all wan swate tay?"

Embarrassed was I of the predicament I was in,
With a very red face, I said, "I do apologize,
As what you were saying, I did not recognize",
And dog-gone if she didn't say it all over again,
"Y'all wan swate tay?", and said it with a grin.

Ordering my food was difficult too,
And I was positive she was having more fun than I,
As to order I had to make gestures, but by-and-by,
My food arrived with Hush Puppies too,
But as to what most she said, I hadn't a clue.

Instead of getting offended she was a dear,
And finally said something that I did know,
Because I watched the Beverly Hillbilly show,
Her words rang true as they caught my ear,
"Now y'all come bak an see us agin, y'hear?"

Fruhling Family Photos – 2006 – Festival at Sofitel Hotel in Bangkok, Thailand

While in Thailand, I found the people to be petite with pouty lips, childlike in nature, teasing each other, full of contentment and fun to be with.

Land of Smiles

A civilization has evolved far overseas,
One, from a historical culture so grand,
They were once called the ancient Siamese,
Now they are called the people of Thailand.

.

Thai people are happy and content as a race,
Thin, dark hair, dark brown eyes, very petite,
Pouty curved lips, with a very childlike face,
They are fun loving and exceptionally sweet.

Like children, in fun, they joke and tease,
And across all our earth's miles and miles,
Peoples of no other land try harder to please,
Thailand has become ***The Land of Smiles.***

Wandering through the streets of Bangkok for the first time was a major culture shock. Things and happenings I have never witnessed to be out in the open before, were all at once right in front of me, seemingly everywhere I walked. Later after traveling much of the rest of Thailand, I determined Bangkok to be different. To me, Bangkok is an anomaly compared to most of the rest of Thailand. Puzzled by this, at length I contemplated and analyzed this situation to determine that it is the influence from the rest of the world on Bangkok that has made it evolve in this manner. From what I witnessed on the streets of Bangkok, this is no way a representation of the sweet, happy, contented, loving, childlike people that are truly the peoples of Thailand.

Streets of Bangkok

Down endless busy narrow concrete streets,
Amongst musty and moldy buildings tall,
Multitudes upon uneven sidewalks meet,
And the stench of an ancient city befalls.

People in chaos, like mice in a maze,
Bump into each other around the clock,
While sex-changed men dance in cabarets,
And street walkers parade on territorial blocks.

Bumper to bumper are vehicles night and day,
The horns honking and the engines whine,
Traffic is tangled in such a state of disarray,
Taxis, Tuk Tuks, scooters, and buses entwine.

Even at midnight when all should be still,
Relentless sounds and noises permeate the air,
Traffic, sky train, subway, plus voices shrill,
And peace and quiet cannot be heard anywhere.

Poverty exists everywhere day and night,
Beggars, con artist, transactions in bars,
Slick sidewalk merchants, all non-contrite,
Their taking to exist is a way of life bizarre.

Many, many foreigners are either running away,
Or searching for something they'll never find,
And whether hiding or in searching each day,
Their success and happiness is only in their mind.

Races, colors, creeds, and cultures of every kind,
Rather than flee, endlessly into the city they flock,
Multitudes of peoples to this way of life resigned,
All lost within the labyrinth on the streets of Bangkok.

Miscellaneous Poems

An Audacious Blond Poem

A blond whose head was quite spacious,
When had nothing to say was loquacious,
Her acts made no sense,
And in numbers immense,
With her conversations mostly fallacious.

Her outlook on life was very vivacious,
And in making friends totally tenacious,
But her lack of common sense,
Made her seem dreadfully dense,
Even though she claimed to be sagacious.

Defragged Lately?

I defragged my computer and saw files that were contiguous,
Until I looked it up, the meaning seemed pretty ambiguous.
So to keep my computer's hard drive,
Healthy, running fast, and alive,
I defrag regularly so the hard drive I don't have to reconfiguous.

Eating Utensils

Once, two sets of eating utensils to which I became heir,
The first in a handsome case was made of silver so pure,
The other of wood through time, so well did not endure.
The first set of rare quality I proudly called my "silverware",
But the second after using once I deemed it ***"sliverware".***

…And The Moral Of This Story Is…

Stories possessing principles bold,
Also have a meaningful moral told,
To all these wise authors we thank,
Their words are money in the bank,
And their advice for living like gold.

Boys Have Cooties and Girls Are Icky!!!

Hop-Scotch, jumping rope, and playing jacks,
Step on a crack and break your mothers' back.
The Boys have cooties and the girls are icky,
Watchin' Bugs Bunny and good ol' Mickey.

Here I come, ready or not,
Quarrels with buddies all forgot.
Come on over an' play with me,
Hide & seek…olly olly oxen free.

London Bridges Falling Down,
Santa Clause is coming to town.
Eenee Meenee Minee Mo,
Words I remember long ago.

Many, many years from youth to old,
Over the years so many stories told.
From nursery rhymes to college texts,
How do kids know what's expected next?

Kid's make-believe and pretending,
Adult's reality too soon impending.
Within our mind's ageing embers,
What's important to remember?

Nursery Rhyme

Candy bar
Full of crunch,
Big bazaar
After lunch,
See a star
There's a bunch.
Sweets in jar,
Cherry punch.

Clip clop
Here comes Clyde,
Hip hop
Bunny ride,
Tip top
Beauty bride,
Flip flop
Super slide.

Bubbly gum
Chew some more,
Here they come
Games galore,
Hum drum
What a bore,
Yum yum
Want some more.

Bric-a brac
Pastime,
Tic-tac
Tastes of lime,
Click-clack
Ride the line,
Nick-nack
Nursery rhyme.

Reverence for God

Resplendent Love for Thee

In the quiet early morning I pray
And give my day's cares to Him,
Thus helping me arrange my day
In a righteous and Godly way,
While in my heart I sing hymns.

At day's end, again I pray at night
To my Savior in Whom I praise,
And into my heart openly invite,
Also in Whom I discover delight,
Setting my love for Him ablaze.

I give thanks to our great God, for He
Entered my heart and my sins forgave,
Then from Satin's control set me free
Into a different life He helped me be,
And renewed was I, for my soul He saved.

My words, however eloquent
They may, or may not be,
Are excitingly exuberant
With passion, resplendent
Of my undying love for Thee.

Changing Seasons

If you observe the exact scene from season to season,
You probably would not recognize it as the same view,
For the surroundings of the scene being the same are few.
By comparison, with maturing, it only stands to reason,
Within a new season of my life my outlooks are all new.

It still amazes me how over the years I have changed,
Entering this new season because into my life God came,
Forgiving me of all my sins then taking away my shame.
I guess it's no wonder that inside me has been rearranged,
With our Father's love and mercy, I'll never be the same.

To The Beat of a Different Drum

We all march to the beat of a different drum,
With countless paths, each only for some,
So where is our guiding force coming from?
Why must so many wander dead-end trails,
While some, through life, no trouble sails,
From what source that leads us possibly hails?

Somehow, I'd like to believe for humankinds sake,
There is good reason for individual paths we take,
And for the many choices in life we all must make.
Are our decisions well ingrained within our head,
Formed by the families from which we are bred.
So our environment influences how we are lead?

Is there a destiny that places paths in our way,
Predetermining our directions from day to day,
With fate ruling all our actions solely without say?
Can our own careless free will with poor foresight,
Aid to our wandering astray as if blinded by night,
Producing paths for people with a perilous plight?

Guidance for our daily paths comes from where?
God is supposed to give us paths that we can bear,
But multitudes do not trust that He is always there.
With so many choices down all possible pathways,
What attracts us to the ones we choose each day,
And can we choose wisely the paths before us lay?

Peace

With a glad open heart sing a joyful psalm,
Giving Him all your tiresome troubles too,
For His mercy and love will make you anew,
Bringing to your life great happiness and calm,
And tranquility, serenity, and peace will be unto you.

How God Must Feel

As man hurts man, inside I cry,
But imagine the hurt God bears,
When God gave His Son to exemplify,
But man, to His Son, did only crucify,
To man's compassion, a moment of despair.

For countless centuries man has bled
As man unleashed his war machines,
What will be the count of our dead,
And how many tears will God shed,
Before He decides to finally intervene?

Looking For an Answer

For the world, I have much love,
But when push comes to shove,
It seems I receive little in return,
For the effort I spend & calories burn,
To place others, in relation to me, above.

There are times, I am lonely still,
Although, this being not my will.
No matter what comes my way,
I search and search every day,
For the emptiness in my heart to fill.

Will it be a person, place, or thing,
That to me will eventually bring,
Fulfillment in all that I do?
Are there others like me too,
That are missing that special zing?

Dear Lord, a sinner I am and pray now,
To You my life and hurt I give, this I vow.
Oh Lord, show me a direction with a new view
In deepest prayer, I pray for me and others too,
Humbly on my knees and with my head I bow.

Lord, Hear My Prayer

Lord, oh my Lord, I hurt so bad, please hear my prayer.

My son, why did you not call on Me yesterday?

Lord, then I was totally happy, now I am in great despair.

I am always here, not only when you are in dismay.

Lord, but what would I say during a day of mine so fair?

My son, I am always here for you every single day!!!

My Lord, I understand, and thank YOU for hearing my prayer!

Our Father

Our Father calls, don't you hear?
Our Father listens, don't you pray?
There is no greater love so sincere,
The deep caring He has for us is clear,
Now give your life to Him without delay.

He knows your troubled heart and mind,
With loving forgiveness of all your sins,
He gives His mercy to you and all mankind,
In your heart His Heavenly joy you will find,
But it is up to you for your relationship to begin.

We're all sinners so don't be embarrassed or afraid,
And life is short so there is not a better time than now,
For God's love and joy to you will not be delayed,
So ask Him into your heart and in your faith be staid,
Now kneel with open heart and before Him bow.

Ponderings and Contemplations

Some good can come out of almost every adverse situation. Every cloud has a silver lining…if you seek it out.

I Am the Rain

Amidst struggles through life,
Appears the rain,
Seemingly, the cause of strife.
"I", am the rain.

Of me, you have a need,
Please let me explain,
What would moisten a seed,
If it wasn't for the rain?

When the sun shines bright,
It would be all in vain,
And a barren sight,
If it wasn't for the rain.

From my point of view,
It is only for your gain,
What I am, I give to you,
It happens to be the rain.

Accept me in my state,
No longer from me refrain,
I mean you no ill fate,
Even though, I am the rain.

I give to you my all,
Not to be your pain,
Only to see you grow tall,
I am <u>your</u> rain.

Together we'll search for the Sun,
Your growth I will not restrain,
And as you bloom into life's fun,
Remember, you had help from the rain.

Peace and Tranquility

Whenever an opportunity passes my way,
Peace and Tranquility I choose to claim,
For life is busy enough from day to day,
And in the solitude of silence calm I regain.

By no means am I antisocial in any way,
But the quiet of a tomb suites me well,
Not all the time, but a little each day,
Helping chaos within to no longer dwell.

Sitting By the Sea

Sitting silently on soft grass by the sea,
Moist salty air blowing against my face,
Serenity and tranquility I both embrace,
Listening to larks while lying in the lea,
Sitting contently on soft grass by the sea.

Contemplating from what I know and see,
Our world and our lives are both immense,
I cannot help but deeply ponder from whence
Cometh the beauty and complexity before me,
While sitting silently on soft grass by the sea.

Seeking Happiness

A thought I lend for you to borrow,
When you find yourself in sorrow:
Upon the dawn of each day,
Create happiness in any way,
And better will be your morrow.

Whatever emotions fill your mind,
Still, always to everyone be kind.
If first you give, I believe,
I know, before you receive,
The happiness you seek, you'll find.

Fruhling Family Photos – Lassen National Park, CA

I Lay Me Down In Meadow Green

I lay me quietly down in meadow green,
Where flower's fragrance permeates the air,
And as I bask in warmth and silence serene,
Now nothing to Nature's peace intervenes
The tranquility I experience within my lair.

Where Can I Save Time Too?

Jim Croce's bottle in which to save time,
Was for eternity's days in which to accrue
Just to be able to spend all them with you,
What a wonderful thought put to rhyme.

If I had the ability to save time too,
In my heart I would save all there be,
For I, as well, throughout eternity,
Would spend them all just with you.

So where can I save enough time,
That I, with you, can together be
For as long as we live into eternity,
Forever lost in our love sublime?

An Avenue of Shiny Silver

I'm in charge of some coins, most shiny and new,
With not yet a scratch, immediately ready to show,
Requiring none of my time to have ready for view,
On the surface, each immaculately shinny too,
To my own opinion, without question, status quo!

Regarding an old coin I've hidden for some time,
One day my boss brought it fully to my attention,
He most certainly thought it was past it's prime,
As it had deep scratches and covered with grime,
And what value was there in such an abomination?

I pondered deep, wondering the right thing to do,
Should I make plans to trade the old coin away,
Or against all obvious odds, with it, try to renew,
Possibly revealing my thinking had gone askew,
But putting off a decision could not go another day.

Reluctantly, I decided that I would give it a try
To refurbish the old defaced coin the best I could,
Wondering if my boss would think I had gone awry,
And decide to rid himself of the coin and me by and by,
With the coin in my hand I pondered while long I stood.

(Continued next page)

With solvent and oil remover the old coin I cleaned
Then carefully using emery cloth with the finest grit,
Worked on the scratches until they could hardly be seen,
And buffed and buffed until eventually appeared a sheen
As the old coin's appearance amazingly changed bit by bit.

I worked on the coin hour after hour, and day after day,
With all the courage and fortitude I possibly could muster,
But describing the coin's results in words it is hard to say,
As the old coin showed character in a most unusual way,
With a very unique and most attractive eye-catching luster.

I was so proud of my new old coin I put it where it could be seen,
Where it caught everyone's attention and especially my boss's eye.
This coin, now so special, was way beyond just being silvery clean,
I could not believe it was now the most attractive coin I'd ever seen,
And to the new coins, its own magnificent beauty did now exemplify.

Whether you are in charge of coins or people, this story recall,
And realize there are some who may require time and effort too,
And even when the task to you seems insurmountably oh so tall
The rewards of hard work may yield results guaranteed to enthrall,
Paving an avenue that resplendently displays a shiny silver debut.

As I grow older

As I continually and steadily grow older,
It seems on life I have a much better view,
Of right and wrong and knowing what to do,
To the point I feel I am now the beholder
Of early years wisdom that was long overdue.

The realities at which I now manage to arrive,
Should have developed much sooner in my brain,
For I'm content now for what I'm able to obtain,
And for the first time I feel like I'm REALLY alive,
Especially feeling inside that my life is not in vain.

To Make A Difference

Heavy on my maturing mind doth weigh,
That mankind is of great importance,
And life being fragile, yet immense,
Has made me decide without delay,
Somehow, to someone, make a difference.

If I can help someone carry their heavy load,
Or give aid to my fellow man
Always when and wherever I can,
Or prevent someone going down the wrong road,
This, henceforth will be my plan.

If

I would have very much in my life to gain
If only I possessed a better thinking brain,
It would be fun to unravel an unsolved mystery,
From any of numerous eras over Earth's history,
Arriving at conclusions that to human life pertain.

Painful death sick people may not have to endure,
If only my feeble brain cells were a lot more mature,
For now finding medical answers is a state of confusion,
With chemists trying to discover a miracle medicinal solution,
If only I had the mental ability I would try to find a cancer cure.

Another exciting endeavor I could possibly embrace,
If only higher understanding in my head I had a trace,
For in a higher level of knowledge I would have to exceed,
As this quest would definitely be rocket science indeed,
For I would determine how to travel eons through space.

Next, I could get truly involved, and with my heart endorse,
If the logic and reasoning in my head were a better source,
And with the right kind of understanding and know-how
Figure out other fuel sources than what we have now,
And create new ways to preserve our natural resource.

I'd like to analyze personalities since the days of yore,
If only I had what it takes to research and explore
The unwanted inborn traits of man
All the way back when time began
To genetically rid man of bad qualities forevermore.

A Little More Serious

The Last Cuckoo

There are infinite places in our universe to see,
With some as amazing as any mind can imagine,
Where twinkling stars of vast galaxies illumine,
But of Earth's human species I am happy to be,
From our own amazing planet of man's origin.

Until the very last minute of my own life's clock
When at life's limit, bid our glorious globe adieu,
My appreciation of Earth will evermore ensue,
Until my final time of the very last tick-tock,
Until I am able still to hear the very last Cuckoo.

On Death

Simple and effortless is the state of death.
It is the process of dying that is the hard part!
Only peace presides after your last breath,
When the pain and strife of life is no longer tart.

Many people call death many things,
But we all agree it is some kind of transition.
Who knows what death truly brings,
But with life it brings immediate remission.

Reincarnation is a possibility to some,
A life lived over, a soul reborn,
There's no difference where you're from,
In understanding death we are torn.

Most religions agree and teach
After death souls go to Heaven or Hell.
Can we believe what they preach?
Who can truly say, who can truly tell?

(Continued next page)

On death, one thing's certain,
Life as we know it has ended.
Gangsters said it is "curtains"!
Past death, no one has extended.

To life as we know,
Death brings cold.
Death is life's foe,
At least, so I'm told.

Is death an end or a beginning?
At the onset of death, what is it we find?
Is our reality losing or winning?
Is it an end or a beginning, or a state of mind?

My Fear of Death

Most people have some fear
Of death when it is their time,
Usually of no longer being near
To those they love and hold dear…
Not being remembered is mine.

To be forever lost and forgotten in time,
Is frightening to me and a very sad thing,
But my immortality appears at its peak,
And my eternal end seems not so bleak,
To know I'll be remembered with my rhyme.

When at Death's Door

Some future day when at death's door,
Which I hope is far around the bend,
Besides my life, other things will end,
For the poetry I love, I'll write no more,
But if I could, one to you I'd surely send.

This Old Book

This old worn book and I are brothers,
As our character is from wear and tear,
And by standards set from most others,
We thus have both survived pretty fair.

In our time, troubles we did encompass,
And all our hurdles we managed to climb,
For life was not always a joyous rumpus,
As our lives turned one page at a time.

It's hard to foresee around each bend,
And know what's ahead to be found,
But I'll see all our chapters to the end,
For each, in our own story, we are bound.

Cocoon

Each group with a form of commonality stays in isolation,
And their clique of interests shared becomes a commune,
For venturing outside their world they find picayune,
And to them, beyond their own circle is an aberration,
As they feel they are all safe in their own little cocoon.

Between separate social sects is a lack of communication,
For staying within their own group, to them is opportune,
And being a part of other world's interests seem immune,
With each association seemingly seeking no augmentation,
Therefore, we all become wrapped up in our own little cocoon.

A cocoon is to protect, while life grows into a new state,
Not to be a permanent place to be eternally marooned,
So I urge everyone, everywhere in earnest importune,
Be adventurous and see what other choices are your fate,
Change your life's course, and break out of your cocoon.

The Scars of Man

From the air it is easy to see
Man's scars on the ground,
With countryside and cities
Covering the natural beauty
That otherwise would be found.

Newspaper articles show
Man's scars from each other
With their tales of woe
From societies blows
Doing unto one another.

How long will it take for us to learn,
Not to be the cause of grief or strife,
And from inhumanity to man adjourn,
Always towards our preservation yearn,
Respecting and enjoying our world and life?

Piety to Our Society

Our modern politically correct society
Is involved with natural resource preservation
Also with endangered species preservation,
As it has become a matter of propriety,
Along with some searching for acclamation.

It's a shame that to our culture we lack piety
To our own human nature and our own salvation,
For to our species we are chancing obliteration,
By man's inhumanity to man found in great variety,
It's time we worry about our own annihilation.

How many more cruel tyrant rulers will we allow to exist that have so much control over so many to a point where millions of lives are jeopardized and may be killed, before all of us peoples of our World, as a single legally organized body, FINALLY put a stop to that kind of extreme and cruel dictatorship?

The Echo of Global Terror

The echo of global terror is so resounding,
It has my heart palpitating and pounding,
In living, people should not be afraid,
But rather their lives be secure and staid,
And in the riches of our earth be abounding.

Imperative Renaissance of the American Culture

The culture of flourishing countries historically have excelled
In refinement of their intellectual and artistic talents and tastes.
So was it their prosperity that led to the arts they embraced,
Or was it these skills on which their thriving culture was based?
Either way, there is a lesson from their past for us to be held!

Today, American culture accepts and is reflected by slang in speech,
Stucco adorns buildings of little or no graceful architectural design,
Graffiti found splashed everywhere replaces paintings so refined,
Open nudity supersedes Michelangelo's tasteful sculptures divine,
And those chanting Rap, to them real music is impossible to teach.

Who cares whether a country's ability to thrive or the arts comes first,
For I think it makes the best logical sense not to take any chance,
Now let's revolutionize speech, painting, sculpture, music, and dance,
So our American culture can be reborn, grow, and artistically advance
To a point where our art's current sad status is permanently reversed.

Seasons and the Weather

The Leaves of Fall

Slowly, Summer time so warm
Cools a little each day,
As Fall heads its way,
For each year this is the norm,
Traversing towards Winter storms.

Leaves turn colors day by day,
Vibrant in bright hues
Soon to be bid adieu,
As Fall progresses without delay,
And skies turn from blue to gray.

In preparation to their dormant state,
Branches of deciduous trees,
Must bare themselves of leaves,
With nature they have an annual date,
Their falling from trees cannot wait.

The dry colorful leaves of Fall,
Now torn loose by the breeze
From North-West through trees,
These colorful leaves that enthrall,
Float to the ground by nature's call.

To the last minute the leaves cling,
But to die and fall they are bound,
Decomposing deep into the ground
With nutrients into roots they bring,
To nurture the green leaves of Spring.

Oh, What A Beautiful Morning

My breath is fog in the morning air
As Fall initiates it's early incubation,
And leaves change colors with flair,
While I have an inherent inclination
Of attraction for this annual affair.

Oh, what a beautiful morning
With weather and wildlife so fair,
Fragrant flowers this day are adorning,
As my mind and heart are enamoring
The feeling I have of Fall in the air.

It's c'c'COLD In Here

Last night the temp dropped below twenty degrees,
I think it ended up somewhere in the lower teens,
Or maybe zero, or probably somewhere in-between,
But c'c'COLD enough that I couldn't help but freeze,
The most dang-blasted c'c'COLD weather I've ever seen.

A thick frozen phosphorus fog hovered out in the street
And large long icicles hung beyond the window screens,
Shining, sparkling, seemingly crystalline, appearing pristine,
But to anyone walking below, a Winter's ice harpoon fleet,
And my home now lost beneath the ice and frost, is subterrene.

Inside too, the air was c'c'COLD as c'c'COLD could be,
And when I exhaled my breath hung a long time in the air,
So I donned Winter clothes, even my thermal underwear,
So I reasoned with all that I would be as warm as could be,
But I could not stop Winter's chill, as it crept in everywhere.

Concerned was I as sheets of ice grew over the window panes,
Now realizing the weather was approaching a state of extreme,
And this was not just another one of my adventurous daydreams,
Winter's wondrous beauty was now causing me serious strain,
So I deduced it was time for me to experience a different theme.

I became captive in the c'c'COLD of Winter's frozen cocoon,
So I concluded that if I went to bed and actually went to sleep,
Forcing myself beyond Winter's distractions by counting sheep,
I could and I would be in a delightful dreamland pretty soon,
As long as I kept my eyes shut tight and did not sneak a peek.

With my blankets I snuggled and my pillow cuddled as I shivered,
But, B'B'BRRRR I hadn't expected so c'c'COLD to be the sheets!!
And I shook so long and so hard that eventually I felt some heat,
But it seemed like an eternity in time before I no longer quivered,
And was able to place Winter's c'c'COLD into a state of defeat.

Comfortably and peacefully I drifted off into a land of dreams,
Where I was unable to remember reality past my last yawn,
Then into a World so drastically different I was drawn,
And slipped into a deep state way beyond an ordinary daydream,
Thus I slept so sound in my own reflected warmth until dawn.

(continued next page)

I had forgotten how extremely low the thermometer was in degrees,
As I was ready to leap out of bed and head for a hot cup of caffeine,
So gathering my new vitality I bounced out of bed with such ease,
And instantly stopped in my tracks as from top to bottom I did freeze,
BRRR!! It's the most dang-blasted c'c'COLD weather I've ever seen.

I once visited Lynchburg, VA in the fall discovering and enjoying the most vivid colorful array of autumn leaves.

Lynchburg's Fall Autumn Leaves

Lynchburg's Fall Autumn Leaves,
Have Hues with all shades of green,
Then yellow, orange Red and Brown,
The most vivid colors you've ever seen,
Here in Virginia's quaint Lynchburg town
Where lives, like the colors, interweave.

A Few Styles and Themes

Covering some basic styles is certainly not for English majors or English teachers, but rather for casual readers of poetry to give them a fundamental understanding of some parts of poetry and what it takes to create a poem.

Before starting to write a poem, some things to be considered are:

- *What kind of readers are you writing the poem for?*
- *What message or feeling do you wish to convey to the reader?*
- *Is your poem designed for the readers you have in mind?*
- *What style do you want to use, and what special words need to be included?*
- *What rhyming scheme, and certain rhyming words do you want to use?*
- *What parts of poetry do you want to include (assonance, alliteration, onomatopoeia, imagery, etc.)?*
- *What title will be used to catch the reader's eye?*

I believe almost everyone can write a poem. It takes a little forethought, but that is a good thing to learn, as everything in life would turn out better with a little forethought.

A poem with four-line stanzas (quatrain) using alliteration (repetitive consonant sounds) with rhyming scheme of AABB. I find the double consonant of FL and FR to be more interesting than that of a single.

Flutter By, the Butterfly

Flaunting colors in flagrant display,
Flirting and flitting along its way,
Flourishing with flair when it flies by,
Flamboyant and flashy, the Butterfly.

Frame and fringe in fragile display,
Frisky and frolicking along its way,
Frivolous and frilly as it frequents by,
Friendly and free, the Butterfly.

A five-line poem using alliteration and onomatopoeia with rhyming scheme of AABBA.

Slow Going as a Snail's Pace

Slippery and slimy and sleek he slid so slow,
Slinking and slithering his slim body he drug,
While from his body his sludge slathered with flow,
Leaving a slender slick slurry everywhere he did go,
Seemingly sloshing, slobbering, and sleazy is the slug.

A five-line poem using imagery and onomatopoeia in the typical limerick style rhyming scheme of AABBA.

The Termite and the Grandfather Clock

The termite who was smuggled in from Bangkok,
Stowed away inside a large Grandfather clock,
While the clock was sailing to California State,
The termite had nothing else to do, so ate,
And now the clock goes tick but not tock.

A five-line poem using imagery with rhyming scheme of ABAAB. A five-line poem is my own favorite, with a preferred rhyming scheme of either ABBAB or ABAAB. This little restaurant I found in Milwaukee, WI.

Italian Cuisine

Heavy aroma of Italian food permeated the air
As I leisurely ambled in the secluded bistro door.
Typical accordion music played as I took my chair,
Mixed with clamoring restaurant noise everywhere,
And another delicious adventure I hoped to explore.

The waiter smelling of garlic had an Italian accent true.
In one hand he carried bread and in the other red wine
With which he poured as he said "how do you do?"
With his stained apron he appeared an authentic view,
And I ordered Pasta Special with salad on which to dine.

My attention was drawn to a mural painted on the wall,
Of an ancient Italian village with faces wrinkled from time.
The scene was of a cobblestone open market, as I recall,
Focusing on an old lady street vendor with a stained shawl,
And thus I found my surrounding ambiance quite sublime.

My meal was such a delicacy I thought myself a gourmet,
And the dish being plentiful I ate to my heart's content.
I then relaxed at length while I slowly sipped cabernet.
The aromas and noisy goings on I continued to survey,
But too soon my culinary adventure was over I lament.

A six line stanza using imagery with a rhyming scheme of AABBCC.

The Magic of Christmas

I watched out our window late into Christmas Eve Night,
Hoping within our home Santa would soon be in sight,
With milk and cookies I sat patiently waiting with pride,
A snack from me to Santa once he was finally inside.
I tried staying awake, but drifted into dreamland so quick,
Of the North Pole, elves, reindeer, and of course, St. Nick.

I'm reflecting of the past year and the experiences that I had,
Hoping I'm on Santa's *Nice List* and not the naughty and bad.
Throughout my childhood years, Santa I never did see,
Still on Christmas morning, presents were under our tree,
And in anxious excitement I opened my gifts with great joy…
I hope I never lose the *Magic of Christmas* I knew as a boy.

My poem about a poem ("The Road Not Taken") by one of my favorite poets, and in his own style, Robert Frost.

Frost Report

Frost's "Road Not Taken" is hard to find,
Now freeways are there, all intertwined,
Progress, I suppose, in someone's mind.
Some "yellow woods" are worth reserving,
As some "roads less traveled" are deserving,
Of consecrating, cherishing, and preserving.

Until we consider some places hallowed ground,
Where will nature's serenity and peace abound,
And enjoyment of "roads less traveled" be found?
I'd replace some pavement if I could,
And change it back to "yellow wood,"
Then stand in awe, as Frost once stood.

I too, "shall be telling this with a sigh,"
"Somewhere ages and ages hence,"
A "Road Not Taken" for others and I,
I'm sure, will make "all the difference."

A multi-line poem in the style of Edgar Allen Poe. When I was a toddler I was put to bed upstairs by myself. The lights and shadows from lights of passing cars seemed to dance on the walls around the room scaring me! Parts of poetry: Onomatopoeia, assonance, personification, imagery, etc.)

Scared of the Dark!!!

Each lingering day drifts toward death,
With cunning, now creeping,
Slowly sneaking,
It scares me still, beyond a breath!
From Crags and crevices of my room,
The shadow's creature lurks and looms,
Peeping, peering,
Progressively nearing,
I'll never escape it, ever too soon!
The wailing wind wildly whistles,
Shrieking the sounds of night,
While luminous lights
Of passing cars dance on thistles
On the walls,
Around my bed.
From the corner, comes the call
Of the sick and the dead,
Filling me complete with fear,
Rushing, gushing, to my head.
Pulsing, pounding,
My heart resounding,
I lurch,
In search,
To end this plight.
Grasping, groping,
Praying, hoping,
In dark's night,
To reach the light!

Simple Glossary of Poetic Terms

Note: Definitions are derived from multiple sources (internet, dictionary, Art, and George). Poem examples are only those of Art and George.

Allegory
A narrative in which the obvious details imply another meaning.

Alliteration
Repetitive consonant sounds at the beginning of words.

Example:

Flutter By, the Butterfly

Flaunting colors in **fl**agrant display,
Flirting and **fl**itting along its way,
Flourishing with **fl**air when it **fl**ies by,
Flamboyant and **fl**ashy, the Butterfly.

Frame and **fr**inge in **fr**agile display,
Frisky and **fr**olicking along its way,
Frivolous and **fr**illy as it **fr**equents by,
Friendly and **fr**ee, the Butterfly.

George

Analogy
A likeness in one or more ways between unlike things.

Example:

Some People Must Be Coo-Coo Clocks

Some people say and do the most bizarre things
Extremely regularly like a fine time piece's tick-tock,
I wonder if their brains have cogs and springs,
Making me think they might possibly be "**coo-coo**" clocks.

George

Anapest
Two unaccented syllables followed by an accented one (…in the warmth).

Antagonist
A character or force against which another character struggles.

Assonance
Repetitive similar vowel sounds on the same line.

Example:

Shattering the Dark

Streams of **light** beam through the **night**
Shining o'er the shame.
Walk to **share**, talk to **care**
Healing in His name.

Art

Ballad
A narrative poem written in four-line stanzas.

Blank verse
An unrhymed line of poetry.

Caesura
A strong pause within a line of verse.

Character
A person or a image within a literary work (Refer to Arthur's Poetic Art, **Bo's Dream** Poem).

Characterization
The means by which characters are revealed (speech, dress, manner, actions, etc.).

Climax
The highlight or turning point of the action.

Closed form
The structure in rhyme, line length, and metrical pattern, etc.

Complication
An intensification of the conflict in a story or play.

Conflict
A struggle between opposing forces, or persons, usually resolved by the end of the work.

Connotation
The association(s) of a word going beyond its dictionary meaning.

Couplet
A poem with two lines per stanza.

Example:

The Brittle Heart

The brittle heart cannot forgive the wrongs that others do.
The selfish acts, the lies degrading, take their toll on you.

The friends that were soon fade away, loneliness ensuing.
The brittle heart cannot withstand human weakness and misdoing.

The brittle heart dies quickly, cased in loneliness and pain.
It sobs and weeps in singleness, it fades like misty rain.

So soften up your brittle heart, forgive the wrongs to you.
Then warm your heart toward others, whatever they say or do.

Art

Dactyl
A stressed syllable followed by two unstressed ones (*FLUT-ter-by* the *BUT-ter-fly)*.
Denotation
The dictionary meaning of a word.
Denouement
The resolution of the plot.
Dialogue
Conversation of the characters.
Diction
The selection of words revealing action, character, attitudes, themes, and values, etc.
Elegy
A lyric poem that laments the dead.

Example:

To All the Countless People

To all the countless people who have passed,
I wish I knew you well, especially your name,
And during the course of your life what you became,
So you would not be forgotten and the memory of you last,
And obliteration caused by time finally overcame.

I'd be honored to pass along to all who you were,
The ordinary things you did from day to day,
And obstacles you overcame along your way,
Before they are erased or become a blur,
We should all be remembered in our lives this way.

George

Elision
The omission of an unstressed vowel or syllable to preserve the meter of a line of poetry.
Enjambment
A run-on line of poetry that carries over from one line into the next.
Epic
A long narrative poem that records the adventures of a hero.
Epigram
A brief witty poem, often satirical.

Example:

The Mathematical Genius

A Mathematics genius named Fred,
Quoted ten-place roots in his head.
He'd prove Fermat's last theorem,
Amidst explosive distempering delirium,
Whilst strapped to the asylum bed.
Poor Fred!!!

Art

Exposition
The first stage of a plot providing necessary background information.
Falling action
The action following the climax moving towards its resolution.
Falling meter
Poetic meters (trochaic, etc .) that move from a stressed to an unstressed syllable.
Fiction
An imagined or made up story.

Example:

Exploring Poetic Styles - <u>AABCCB</u>

A four-legged beast stood abreast!
Blocking advancement - what a complete pest!
This beast was a considerably large sow.
Its length spanned from east to west.
Its width was too much to test.
Perhaps the size of ten cows.

Art

Figurative language
A form of language using something other than the literal meaning of their words.
Flashback
An interruption in the current action to describe a prior incident in time.
Foil
A character who contrasts and parallels the main character.

Foot
A metrical unit of stressed and unstressed syllables.

Iambic: An unstressed followed by a stressed syllable (be-FORE).
Trochaic: A stressed followed by and unstressed syllable (AF-ter).
Spondaic: Two stressed syllables (MoveMent).

Foreshadowing
Hints of what is to come.

Free verse
Poetry without a regular pattern of meter or rhyme.

Hyperbole
A figure of speech involving exaggeration.

Iamb
An unstressed syllable followed by a stressed one (*be-FORE)*.

Image
An impression, feeling, or idea.

Example:

There is a Price to Pay

I ponder the number of seasons more I shall see
As I slowly age and grasp the concept of time,
Even though I am not yet quite passed my prime,
However, I am quite positive that you will agree,
To witness changing seasons is heavenly sublime.

That time passes too quickly I know only oh too well,
As I am merely a common and an ordinary earthly man,
And I, only wanting to witness and experience all I can,
So to future generations I have something of worth to tell,
That will help them have better lives is my personal plan.

Take good care of our earth and its resources is my plea
To inhabitants of our planet, or you may find one day,
You may have to learn to live life in a different way,
Without oil, coal, fish and fowl to eat, and even trees,
For abusing our world over time there is a price to pay.

George

Imagery
The words a poet uses to create a picture in the reader's mind.

Example:

The Human Spirit

Insufferable, it appeared strong amidst the storm.
Why, I do not know, but to fight was its norm.
The cold, even the ice, seemed to invite the fight.
But when the end would be, it was not in sight.

The shelf appeared, then fogged out of sight.
The sky turned blue, then gray, then as night.
The howl was fierce, breaking resolve, testing sanity.
The end seemed near, breaking all hold on vanity.

Life's compass, skewed and bent, held fast.
Would it grip the rail, would it succumb at last?
Yet as sweltering heat acted to melt its tortured fear,
Its trial subsided, death's peaceful quiet came near.

Art

Irony
What is said and what really is meant concerning what happens and what is expected to happen.

Example:

The Complaining Farmer

There once was a farmer named Curt,
Who loved to work in the dirt.
He'd eat lots of chow,
Then go out and plow,
And complain of all the work!

Art

Limerick
A rhymed nonsense poem of five lines, often with a rhyming pattern of AABBA.

Example:

The Birth of the Blues

In N 'Orleans the blues were born.	**A**
Satchmo sang and tooted his horn.	**A**
Count Basie came alive	**B**
While "diggin' that jive,"	**B**
At 2 am in the morn'.	**A**

Art

Literal language
What writers and poets mean, and what their words really indicate.

Lyric poem
A poem expressing feeling.

Example:

Restoration

The Winter's edge envelopes my being.
Sequestered I am, fogged, shrouded not seeing.
O joy! A time for inaction. A time for thought.
A time for recollection. The fight's been fought.
The foray has ended, my person disheveled.
Respite I welcome, strength to rekindle.
Submission I welcome, O rest sublime.
Retool my soul….it's restoration time!

Art

Metaphor
A comparison between unlike things without using words such as *like, as,* or *be.*

Example:

Exploring Poetic Styles - ABABCCB

Bitte, Bitte, Hi-Ho Hitler!
Your troupes did march in vain.
You fool! You most evil leader!
Death and Destruction be your name!
An Arian race your ego-manic goal.
The death of a race you did extol.
Dear God, help man not repeat such fame.

Art

Meter
The measured pattern of rhythmic accents in poems.

Metonymy
A figure of speech in which a closely related term is substituted for an object or idea.

Narrative poem
A poem that tells a story (Refer to Arthur's Poetic Art, **Bo's Dream** Poem).

Narrator
The voice and/or implied speaker.

Octave
A poem with eight lines per stanza.

Ode
A long poem in stanzas of varied overall structure (length, meter, etc.).

Onomatopoeia
Words imitating the sounds they describe, such as ***crash*** and ***bang***.

Example:

Puk-puk-puk-pukaaw!!!

The hen cackled loudly, **puk-puk-puk-pukaaw**!!!
Soon an egg rolled out with no flaw.
Exclaimed she of her act,
It's a miracle of fact,
That I must "cluck" for the egg to be raw.

Beware of hens that don't **puk-puk-puk-pukaaw**!
Their eggs will never be raw.
They silently lay,
One rock a day,
River rocks they lay with no flaw.

Art

Open form
Freedom from regularity and consistency in elements, such as rhyme, line length, metrical pattern, etc.

Parody
A humorous, but sometimes sarcastic, point of view.

Personification
The poet describes an animal, object, or idea, as if it were a person.

Example:

I Am the Rain

Amidst struggles through life,
Appears the rain,
Seemingly, the cause of strife.
"I", am the rain.

Of me, you have a need,
Please let me explain,
What would moisten a seed,
If it wasn't for the rain?

(Continued next page)

When the sun shines bright,
It would be all in vain,
And a barren sight,
If it wasn't for the rain.

From my point of view,
It is only for your gain,
What I am, I give to you,
It happens to be the rain.

Accept me in my state,
No longer from me refrain,
I mean you no ill fate,
Even though, I am the rain.

I give to you my all,
Not to be your pain,
Only to see you grow tall,
I am your rain.

Together we'll search for the Sun,
Your growth I will not restrain,
And as you bloom into life's fun,
Remember, you had help from the rain.

George

Plot
The structure of incidents in a literary work.
Poetic Justice
An outcome in which virtue is rewarded and vice is punished, often in an ironic and appropriate manner.
Poetic License
The liberty taken by a poet in deviating from conventional form to achieve a desired effect.

Example:

True Elequance?

Ya, I ish most elequance, deer Bro.
Ma words does hang in yer brain fer a day or so.
Ma words is to luf, what heaven is to a cuss.
Jus' recites 'n' re-peet. Yer pleasure thus complete.
But, what 'ere ye do, dasn't smells ma feet.
De moral of dis story is dat vords can be hoary.
De elequance is relative to da minds most creative.
Ya, der morals absolute, is fur the brain galoot!
I choose da vords most elequance, read and repeet fer happy-stance!
Ya, now repeets 10 times fur shur, and you'll be elequance fer ever-more.

Point of view
The angle from which a story is narrated.
Protagonist
The main character of a literary work.
Pyrrhic
A metrical foot with two unstressed syllables (“of the").
Quatrain
A poem with four lines per stanza.

Example:

Youth

Wisps of memories still ripe.
Thoughts and feelings deep inside.
Reminders of youth’s freedom in play.
Too quickly lost, near forgotten in time!

O, what freedom, what playtimes we had.
We whizzed about, sensing life’s offerings.
We touched, smelled, saw glory with eyes.
Irresponsibility’s events savored for a time!

Lost now in time are the joys of our youth.
Lost but remembered and in our heart cherished.
Remembering forever and experiencing in mind.
Those times of our youth, O, what a time!

Art

Quintet
A poem with five lines per stanza.

Example:

In The Cool Crisp Mornings

In the crisp mornings, my breath steams in the air
As I stand on my porch with coffee cup in hand,
Gazing at the Rockies while looking over this land,
Taking notice of how trees turn Fall hues with flair,
And thinking of Winter for which I must prepare.

At the first frost, leaves fall to the ground,
Whence I stand outside in the chilly morn,
With insulating layers of warm cloths I adorn,
And anticipate icicles that soon will be found,
Amazed of how life through its cycles abounds.

George

Recognition
The point at which a character understands the situation as it really is.
Resolution
The completion of a plot.
Reversal
The action of the plot turns in an unexpected direction.
Rhyme
The matching of the ending vowel or consonant sounds.

Example:

Focus

O Lord, help me live this **day**,
Helping those that go **astray**.
To care, to love, to share and **give**.
To do His will; to rightly **live**.
Sharing His grace and truth, I **pray**.

Art

Rhythm
The recurrence of accent or stress.
Rising action
Conflicts and/or crises leading up to the climax.
Rising meter
Meters, such as iambic and anapestic, that move from an unstressed to a stressed syllable.
Satire
A literary work that makes fun of human misconduct.

Example:

Strangers Remaining Strangers

Strangers speaking with very little thought,
Pretending friendships of each other's past,
Confessing too much when they should ought not,
As their encounter is brief and will not last.

So many words, but so little said,
Seemingly, without reason or rhyme,
Meaningless trivia passing from head to head,
The only accomplishment being, to pass the time.

To every Mr., Mrs., Ms., and Miss,
I ask you now to consider this:
Fruitful conversations should be our way,
So why speak if you have nothing to say?

George

Septet
A poem with seven lines per stanza.

Example:

Life's Perfection

Forever through eternity's past,
Life is born and interspersed
Throughout our vast universe,
Amongst cold astral contrasts,
Across limitless outer space,
And eons of time failed to erase.
Life, against odds, lasts and lasts.

Like lightning taking the path of least resistance,
Using the simplest possible methods to survive,
Against infinite odds life continues to thrive.
As a spec here and there in stellar coexistence,
Across frigid vastness of all heaven's seas
Amidst multitudes of lifeless globes in galaxies
Life locates essential sustaining subsistence.

George

Sestet
A poem with six-lines per stanza.

Example:

The Magic of Christmas

I watched out our window late into Christmas Eve Night,
Hoping within our home Santa would soon be in sight,
With milk and cookies I sat patiently waiting with pride,
A snack from me to Santa once he was finally inside.
I tried staying awake, but drifted into dreamland so quick,
Of the North Pole, elves, reindeer, and of course, St. Nick.

I'm reflecting of the past year and the experiences that I had,
Hoping I'm on Santa's *Nice List* and not the naughty and bad.
Throughout my childhood years, Santa I never did see,
Still on Christmas morning, presents were under our tree,
And in anxious excitement I opened my gifts with great joy…
I hope I never lose the *Magic of Christmas* I knew as a boy.

George

Sestina
A poem of thirty-nine lines in iambic pentameter.
Setting
The time and place of a literary work.
Simile
A figure of speech comparing unlike things using *like*, *as*, or *as though*.

Example:

Choose Your Path Well

With a ball of string that is endless,
And as you went, let it unravel behind,
It wouldn't be long before you'd find
Your past path caught up in a mess
With all you encountered intertwined.

Life is exactly **like** that ball of string,
Of this fact I am compelled to tell,
With a snarled mess your life can be hell
For your trail in life encircles everything,
So throughout life, choose your path well.

George

Sonnet
A fourteen-line poem in iambic pentameter.
Spondaic
A metrical foot represented by two stressed syllables (MoveMent).
Stanza
A division in a poem that is named for the number of lines it contains.

Couplet: two line stanza
Triplet: three line stanza
Quatrain: four line stanza
Quintet: five line stanza
Sestet: six line stanza
Septet: seven line stanza
Octave: eight line stanza

Style
Dialogue, ideas and actions, using imagery, and other literary techniques.
Subject
What a story or play is about; to be distinguished from plot and theme
Subplot
A subsidiary or subordinate plot that coexists with the main plot.

Symbol
A person, place, thing, or an event used to represent something completely different.

Synecdoche
A figure of speech in which a part is substituted for the whole.

Example:

A Trumpeter Named "The Lip"

A trumpeter named "the Lip"
Could toot an amazing trip.
He's sing a quick line,
Then toot for a time.
Keeley Smith was this showman's "right hip."

Art

Syntax
The grammatical order, and/or organization of words and phrases.
Theme
The idea of a literary work from its details of language, character, and action.
Tone
The implied attitude of a writer.
Trochaic
An accented syllable followed by an unaccented one (*AF-ter)*.
Understatement
A figure of speech in which a writer says or implies less than what is meant.
Villanelle
A nineteen-line poem.